



No. 456.—Vol. XXXVI.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23. 1901.

SIXPENCE.



MR. H. BEERBOHM TREE,

WHO PRODUCES MR. CLYDE FITCH'S COSTUME-COMEDY AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE TO-MORROW (THURSDAY) NIGHT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LANGFIER, OLD BOND STREET, W.

THE CLUBMAN.

The King and the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders—The Visit of the Duke of Orleans—The Duke of Alba—A New Club—The Accession of the Ameer.

THE King's quiet life in the Highlands—a life of bodily exercise and mental rest—has been punctuated by very few ceremonies calling for the recording services of the Court Newsman. The presentation of medals to the men of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, however, drew from His Majesty a short speech. "I know full well the history of your distinguished regiment," said the King, and some glorious incidents in that history are known to every man who has read of the deeds of the British Army.

The regiment referred to was the 91st, now the 1st Battalion of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and not, as stated in so many papers, the 93rd. Both battalions of the "Princess Louise's" have had a most distinguished career, and it must be particularly annoying to the brave 91st—now at "the Front"—to have the honour due to them rendered to the 2nd Battalion, which is in India.

The Duke of Orleans is coming to England, and is to be received by the King. The Duke, as is generally known, wrote to Her Majesty the late Queen apologising for his conduct, and asking for forgiveness, which the Queen gave him freely, writing not only for herself, but for the members of her family as well. It would not be right for the nation, or any part of it, to show resentment for an unprincipled action which has been condoned by those against whom it was directed, and the Duke, coming as he does to this country with a friendly reception assured him at the British Court, may be sure that every respect will be shown him. Whether Clubland will receive him again with open arms is a different matter. He was called upon as one of a body of gentlemen to explain conduct which appeared to be ungentlemanly, and, as an explanation was not forthcoming, his connection with two at least of the best-known Clubs ceased.

The Duke of Alba and Berwick, as a descendant of James II., was a personage interesting to the Anglo-Saxon. He was a Spanish Grandee of the bluest blood, but had the greatest sympathy for and admiration of America and the Americans. He was well known at Newport and Tuxedo, and almost his last action before he was taken ill was to grant an interview to a reporter, in order that his cordial appreciation of all things American might be recorded in print. The Duke was one of the most numerous titled Grandees of Spain, and if his son-and-heir elects to take up the many Dukedoms and Marquisates which are his by right, he will have to pay heavily for the patents. If he does not care to expend such large sums of money, he has the privilege of transferring the titles to any of his relations who can afford to take them up.

I have heard often enough of an annual dinner being subscribed for by officers who have served through a certain campaign or endured the privations of a siege in comradeship, but the idea of founding a Club the members of which must all have served in a war together is, so far as I know, a new one. In the very latest addition to the Clubs in Piccadilly, the Imperial Service Club, all the members must have served in South Africa and be the proud possessors of the medal. The Club, which is at the corner of Clarges Street, has a bow-window which gives a splendid view up and down Piccadilly, and which, I am sure, will be commandeered by the ladies on the occasion of the Coronation procession.

To anyone not acquainted with Mohammedan customs, some of the ceremonies gone through at the enthronement of the new Ameer might seem almost grotesque, but every action had its solemn significance. The taking off of the turbans showed that an event of the greatest importance was taking place, for a Mohammedan never removes his turban except on an occasion of the greatest solemnity, or unless he is under the influence of some very strong emotion. A subject swearing fealty will take off his turban and lay it at his lord's feet, and, if a Moslem fanatic intends to curse an unbeliever very thoroughly, he takes off his turban to make his malediction the more emphatic. The sealing of the declaration of loyalty placed on a Koran made that declaration as binding as the fear of punishment after death can make any oath. It is equivalent to such an oath as Harold swore over the relics of the Saints. Whenever the Afghan Chiefs bind themselves to any line of conduct, they put their seals to a document or in the corner of a Koran. When Ishak rose in rebellion against the late Ameer, the tribal leaders who threw in their lot with him put their seals on a copy of the Koran. The whereabouts of this book Abdurrahman discovered by a little well-directed torture, and did fierce justice on evidence which none of the rebels could deny.

We should not forget, in the general congratulation on the peaceable accession of Habibullah and the acquiescence of the cities of Herat and Candahar in the choice of the ruler at Cabul, that Russia has in no way attempted to stir up trouble for us. The Czar expressly forbade the Russian agents to take advantage of the complications in South Africa to push their intrigues on the Indian frontier, and, though Ishak Khan is alive and a pensioner in Russian territory, he has not been allowed to cross to Herat and to attempt to raise a rebellion there.

"THE SKETCH" CHAPERON.

The Fashionable Country!—"Bridge" and its Critics—Gambling Girls—Too Large Allowances—The "H.I.A." at Glasgow—A Nottingham Fête—The Weddings of the Week—A Royal Reconciliation—The Coronation and Encore the Coronation.

WITH the exception of various smart and, what is better, really interesting weddings, this week offers little of interest to the London chaperon and her charges. People are staying on longer in the country than they used to do, for, what with motoring, golfing, and, last not least, "Bridge," there is plenty to occupy the time and thoughts of even the largest of country-house parties. "Bridge" is being attacked on all sides as immoral, demoralising—these two, alas! not always consequent the one on the other—but the game becomes only the more popular in consequence. It is quite true that young girls now gamble with the best—or worst—but that is rather the fault of their parents than of themselves, for, whereas in the 'seventies and 'eighties many girls moving in the really best Society managed to dress on a hundred a-year, two hundred and fifty being considered a splendid allowance, I hear now of certain pretty young ladies opening, on their eighteenth birthday, banking accounts of five hundred and a thousand pounds. American girls receive even larger allowances from their adoring "Poppas," and they form formidable rivals to our own less well-dowered maidens.

Scotland is still, in a social sense, the hub of the Universe, in spite of the Royal Southward move. Glasgow has most hospitably welcomed the Scottish Home Industries, and the first Show held by the Association in Scotland bids fair to be among the most successful. Of course, after the late discussion concerning Harris Tweed, the chief interest centres round the Harris Stall, nominally that presided over by the Duchess of Sutherland, whose accident, I am sorry to say, still incapacitates her from walking; but the real organisation of the stall has been done by Lady Constance Mackenzie, Lady Cromartie's energetic, originally minded young sister, who seems equally clever at swimming, shooting, piping, and selling. The Duchess of Montrose, who shares with Lady Blythswood the position of Glasgow's great lady, is, of course, entertaining a large party at Buchanan Castle.

A big affair of the same kind will enliven Nottingham early next month. The fête is to be held on behalf of the local Children's Hospital, and Lady Savile, the popular mistress of Rufford Abbey, has got the arrangements in hand. Lord Roberts will open the proceedings, and quite a group of pretty heiresses will be among the saleswomen.

Next week, what may be called the old-world political world will muster at the marriage of Lady Emily Peel's youngest daughter, and, considering the name and immediate ancestry of the bride, it is quite fitting that the ceremony should take place at St. George's, Hanover Square, where all the early Victorian belles sought and found matrimony.

Lord Tweeddale will give Miss Peel away, and she will have an exceptionally interesting and good-looking bery of bridesmaids—each dressed in white—including her cousin bride-elect, Lady Clementina Hay, Miss Dolly Grey (Lady Eden's lovely young sister), Miss Fletcher of Saltoun, and two little girls, nieces of Miss Peel. The Brodrick-Marjoribanks wedding will be a very quiet affair, but the relations of the contracting parties are so numerous that they alone would fill any London church of ordinary dimensions.

People are much interested in the quasi-official announcement that the Duke of Orleans is now reconciled with our Royal Family, and that he and his Austrian Duchess are coming to pay the King and Queen a visit. It seems that this has been arranged by the King of the Belgians, who, curiously enough, stands to both King Edward and to the Duke of Orleans in the relation of first-cousin. The Committees of the London Clubs from which the Duke was, not to put too fine a point upon it, expelled, will probably be asked to reconsider their decision. I hear that the French Pretender's excuse, concerning his now famous letter of congratulation to the caricaturist who had so grossly labelled the late Sovereign, was that, when writing it, he had no idea that these offensive cartoons even existed, and that his letter referred to quite another matter. If this is the case, the Duke has certainly been more sinned against than sinning.

It is further thought that the Orleans family will muster in great force at the Coronation, about which great function, by the way, the whole world is still discussing every detail. The Duke of Norfolk is being besieged with letters on the subject, and now it seems the lunatics are gaily joining in, and it is even whispered that one very rude letter written by a Peer was taken to be that of some harmless madman and was not even answered. Now, however, the matter has been put straight.

Mr. Sheriff Horace B. Marshall, M.A., J.P., will preside at the eighty-second Anniversary Festival Dinner of the City of London General Pension Society, to be held at Stationers' Hall on Tuesday, the 29th inst.



"PHIL"
AS
HAMLET.

TOM
BROWNE
1907

"A FELLOW OF INFINITE JEST, OF MOST EXCELLENT FANCY."

[Mr. Phil May has determined to adopt the stage as a profession in addition to his work as an artist. His supporters are now trying to secure a certain theatre, and then—]

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

*At Last!—An Enormous Loss—With a Label on his Back—
Wanted, a Tunnel.*

AT LAST! "The Man in the Street" has gone on grumbling for years at the state of the streets, but no one has paid much attention to him. The authorities seemed to think that, as he was only exercising the Englishman's birthright, he might be ignored. But at last the Lord Mayor and the Common Council have been moved by the incessant complaints, and, last Thursday, actually had a long and lively debate on the loss and inconvenience caused to the public by the upheaval of the thoroughfares by bodies possessing statutory powers. I suppose that, if we grumble long enough and loud enough, some elected person will hear of it, and then there is just a chance of something being done.

Mr. Alderton said that the loss caused by these upheavals was too enormous to calculate, and Mr. Williamson declared that he did not know what would happen when the work of widening London Bridge commenced. "The Man in the Street" knows well enough from experience. The traffic will be jammed, and in years to come fossil remains of drays, clerks, and, let us hope, persons in authority, will be dug out and sent to the British Museum.

Mr. Painter, who is Chairman of the Streets Committee (his is a name to remember), tried to smooth matters down by saying that he was informed that the Post Office telephone work was practically completed and that the Electric Supply Company's work in the Western district was also practically finished. That is something; but, the moment one statutory lot is tired of digging ditches, along comes another statutory lot and the merry game begins all over again. Mr. Clough shed a ray of humorous sense on the debate when he remarked that, if Mr. Painter were to walk down the City streets with a label, "I am the Chairman of the Streets Committee," his liberty would not be worth a minute's purchase.

I am glad to see that Mr. Alderton's motion for applying to Parliament for further powers was carried unanimously; but, most excellent Councillors, whether you are of the Common or of the Uncommon variety, nothing will be of any good unless under every main street you have a large tunnel in which all pipes, wires, and other nuisances are obliged to be placed.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE KENNEL CLUB
DOG SHOW.

THE Forty-sixth Annual Show of the Kennel Club was held last week in its accustomed venue, the Crystal Palace, where nearly fifteen hundred dogs were benched. The great drawback to the enjoyment of this Show was the delay in the arrival of catalogues, which caused the whole of the first day to be rendered useless for all practical purposes; a few arrived during the late afternoon, but many important exhibitors journeyed back to London that evening without having even seen one, though fancy prices had been offered. This fiasco was in no way due to the arrangements of the Kennel Club officials; up to the end of the second day no Award Catalogues were to be procured.

Bloodhounds were a splendid lot. The open class for dogs included Mr. Edwin Brough's Champion Babbo, Mr. S. H. Mangin's Champion Hurdle Hercules, and Mr. Croxton Smith's Panther—a grand trio placed by the Judge in the order named. Champion Babbo, besides again winning Champion honours, and, with his kennel companions, Champions Bettina and Bodice, the brace and team prizes, won for the third and final time the Kennel Club's Challenge Cup. The Duchess of

Newcastle took the two Championships in Borzois with Champion Velasquez and Champion Tsaritsa, and in Rough or Wire-haired Fox-terriers with Cackler of Notts.

Irish Wolfhounds numbered fifty-two, and a grand lot they were. Mrs. Laura Williams took both Championships with her grand wheaten-coloured Champion Dermot Astore and her brindle Champion Artara,



MR. J. H. HOULDSWORTH'S BALSARROCH, WINNER OF THE CESAREWITCH.

(See "World of Sport," page 36.)

her Champion Wargrave, for the first time in his Show career, being put down to a third place. She, however, scored in the Limit and Novice Classes with her young dog Thady O'Flinn.

Mrs. Horsfall took both the Championships for Great Danes with her splendid pair—litter brother and sister—Viceroy of Redgrave and Victory of Redgrave, a son and daughter of the late famous Champion Hannibal of Redgrave. Deerhound Championships were awarded to Mrs. Henry Armstrong's Champion Rufford Ben d'Or and Mr. Hood-Wright's Selwood Braie. The sensation in Chows was the putting down of the famous Champion Chow VIII., which, I think, most people interested in the breed were sorry to see, although at the same time congratulating Miss A. Cust on the success of her very fine dogs. Bulldogs were more numerous than one could have expected, considering that the popular Show of the South London Bulldog Club will be held in the same place on the 22nd and 23rd inst. For these, Champion honours went to Mr. Luke Crabtree's grand brindle dog, Champion Prince Albert, a son of Champion Katapult *ex* Dame Fortune, and to Mr. H. S. Verity's Champion La Roche for the opposite sex. Mrs. Jagger's sensational young dog, Fashion, was the winner of a couple of second prizes in very strong classes. He is a splendid specimen of his breed and looked upon by competent judges as one of the coming Champions. Fashion was bred by the Rev. A. C. Madden.

In the classes for Toy Dogs, pugs and Pomeranians were the strongest. Champion honours for black pugs were won by Dr. M. J. Tulk's Bobbie Burns, who is now a full Champion and entitled to the prefix. That honour would have been his long ago if he had not accompanied his master and mistress in their tour through Australia and New Zealand. This was Champion Bobbie Burns's last Show, as, now he has won Championship honours, he will not be again benched, except "Not for Competition." Pomeranian Championships went to Miss Ada de Pass's Champion Tina and Mrs. Claude Cane's King of the Fairies for the best of their respective sexes under eight pounds in weight.

This win gives Mrs. Claude Cane's lovely little dog the right to the prefix of Champion. He was also the winner of the shield given by the American "L.K.A." for the best dog owned by a member of the Ladies' Branch of the Kennel Club. Beautiful Champion Tina was again the winner, for the fifth time, of the Twenty-five Guinea Grand Challenge Cup. Other prize-winners were the Countess of Aberdeen and Sir Claude Alexander in Skyes; Lady Kathleen Pilkington and Mrs. Willie Temple. Mrs. Oughton Giles, the Earl of Hopetoun, and many others.



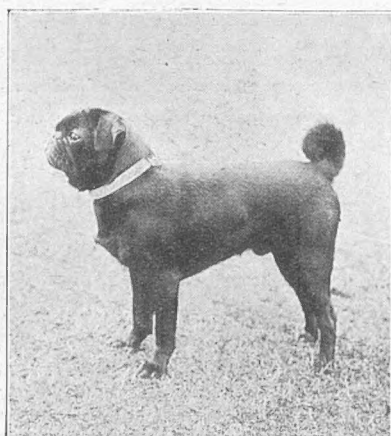
[Photo by Goodchild, Leamington Spa.]

CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS AND PREMIER
TINA, OWNED BY MISS ADA DE PASS.



[Photo by Hedges, Lytham.]

CHAMPION PRINCE ALBERT, OWNED BY
MR. LUKE CRABTREE.



[Photo by Kitchener and Salmon, New Bond Street, W.]

CHAMPION BOBBIE BURNS, OWNED BY
DR. TULK

SOME CHAMPIONS AT THE KENNEL CLUB SHOW, HELD AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

SCENES FROM THE NEW BALLET, "GRETNNA GREEN,"
AT THE ALHAMBRA.



Lady Kitty (Miss Davenport). Blacksmith (Mr. Colquhoun). Charlie Graham (Mr. Grey).
THE SMITH EVOLVES A PLOT FOR THE HAPPY UNION OF CHARLIE
AND LADY KITTY.



Columbine (Miss Ryder). Harlequin (Miss Slack).
HARLEQUIN AND COLUMBINE CHARM THE VILLAGERS OF GRETNNA
GREEN WITH THEIR AGILE DANCING.



The Innkeeper (Mr. Walcott). The Blacksmith (Mr. Colquhoun). Charlie (Mr. Grey). The Squire (Mr. Marler). Lady Kitty (Miss Davenport).

FINAL TABLEAU: "AND THEY ALL LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER."

From Photographs by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

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FOOTBALL.

THERE was very little football of interest in London on Saturday
last. The Cambridge "Soccer" team came to Tufnell Park to play
the London Caledonians and gave them a tremendous beating.
The rain had made the turf very heavy, and Cambridge had it all their own
way soon after the start. It was Booker's day, beyond a doubt, for he
scored five goals off his own boot. The Cambridge "Soccer" team looks
like being one of the best the University has had for some years, and, though
the Caledonians were beaten by eight goals to love, it is satisfactory to
know that both F. Young, the Captain, and R. N. R. Blaker, last year's
Captain, are old Westminster boys, and so learnt their football in London.

I am sorry to see that the Tottenham Hotspurs got beaten at
Northampton by the Northampton Eleven by three goals to one. They
made a good fight for it, however, and the score does not really represent
the difference between the two teams. In spite of it, the 'Spurs come
fourth on the Southern League list with nine points. West Ham, Reading,
and Portsmouth being ahead of them. In the North, Sunderland showed
their superiority by smashing up Notts Forest by four goals to none.
Sunderland have a very strong team, and now head the League matches
with thirteen points to the eleven of the Wolverhampton Wanderers and
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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

A Royal Love-Match.

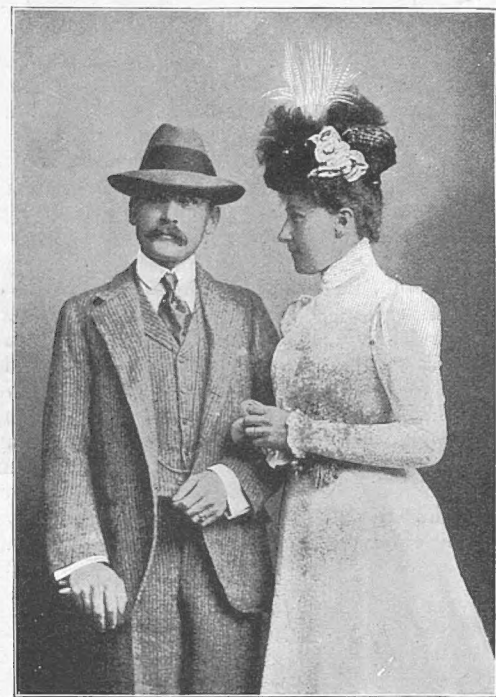
The engagement of the beautiful and accomplished Archduchess Elizabeth, who is affectionately known as "little Elizabeth" in Vienna, to Prince Otto von Windisch-Grätz, a Lieutenant of the 1st Austrian Uhlans, is undoubtedly that comparatively rare event, a Royal love-match. Although the bridegroom's family belongs to the *Standesherren*, who have *Ebenbürtigkeit*, or equality of rank with reigning Houses, it is, nevertheless, regarded as no very brilliant alliance for so charming a Princess to make, though she has her own opinion about that. At any rate, it is certainly not a *mésalliance*.

The Old Emperor's Darling.

The bride has always been the favourite grandchild of the Emperor Francis Joseph, partly for her own sake, and partly because she is the daughter of the ill-fated Crown Prince Rudolph, whose widow, it will be remembered, sought consolation by marrying Count Lonyay. The Archduchess was eighteen in September last; she has her father's blue eyes, and a particularly slender and graceful figure. When she came out, last year, her remarkable beauty made a positive sensation in Vienna, and the

impression was much increased by her great personal charm. She is highly accomplished, speaking French, English, and Italian perfectly. She can draw very well, and she is exceedingly fond of riding and driving. Evidently, too, she has inherited something of her father's marked originality and independence of character.

Prince Otto belongs to the younger branch of his famous family, who have the title of Serene Highness. His father, Prince Ernest, who was born in 1827, has just been made a Privy Councillor by the Emperor, who received him in private audience a day or two before his son's engagement was announced. Prince



COUNT AND COUNTESS LONYAY.

THE COUNTESS IS THE MOTHER OF ARCHDUCHESS ELIZABETH.

Photo by Lambert Weston and Son, Dover.

Otto, who is his second son, celebrated his twenty-eighth birthday on the 7th of this month. He is a fair man with a ruddy complexion, and, altogether, looks a typical young cavalry officer. He has one brother and one sister; the brother is a Lieutenant in the 14th Austrian Dragoons, while the sister is unmarried. Prince Otto lost his mother, who was a Princess of Oettingen-Spielberg, a Princely Bavarian family, when he was only fifteen. The profession of arms is hereditary in this family, and Prince Otto has before him the undying memory of his uncle, Prince Charles, who was killed at Solferino.

The Castle of Schönbrunn.

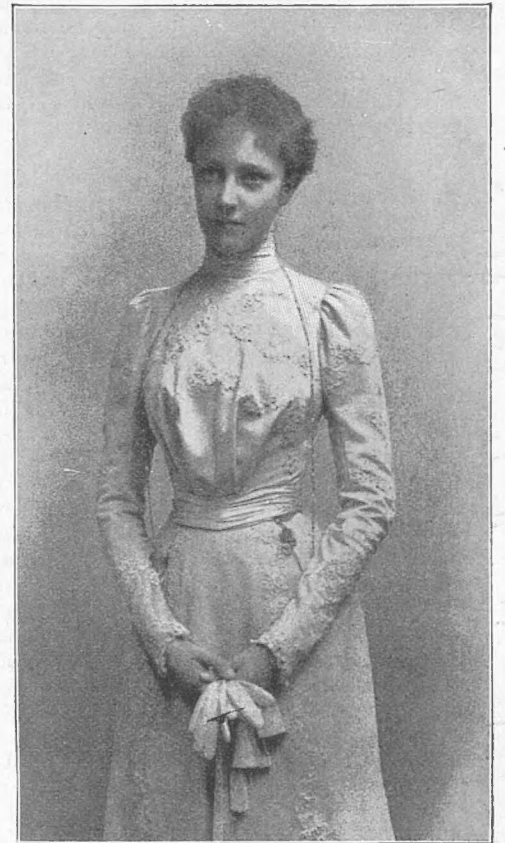
The Summer Palace of the Emperor at Schönbrunn, where the engagement was officially announced, is not far from Vienna. It is probably the most luxurious of all Francis Joseph's numerous Palaces. There is a

wonderful "crimson-lake" salon of Maria Theresa, and a room hung entirely with priceless Gobelins tapestry, while the collections of porcelain are so rare and exquisite as to make collectors go perfectly crazy with envy.

Although the King and Queen are not likely to remain in London, the fact that the Court is coming South will naturally enliven that portion of the United Kingdom which lies south of the Tweed. Norfolk is particularly jubilant at the news that His Majesty, while King at Windsor, will remain Squire at Sandringham, and that the November shooting-parties which have been so delightful a feature of Norfolk social life during the last thirty years will take place as usual. It would, of course, require years of constant effort to make Windsor Great Park, in any real, serious sense, a good sporting domain, and it is unlikely that the King would care to undertake the trouble, the more so that in Sandringham His Majesty possesses an almost perfect sporting estate.

Mar Lodge.

In a few days after these lines are read, Mar Lodge, the Duke of Fife's Highland seat, will, like Balmoral Castle, be given over, for the greater portion of a year, to the care of a company of servants and old retainers. None of the great houses in the North have had so many guests during the past season as Mar Lodge, which, though not imposing as far as height is concerned, the structure being no more than two storeys above the ground-floor, covers a large area. The front of the Lodge, in which granite and pine-wood combine to impart an effect at once rustic and picturesque, is built as a semicircle; the Lodge has a great many bedrooms; and everywhere throughout the building huge antlers greet the eye and carry out the illusion of the shooting-lodge. Mar Lodge is fortunate in possessing the electric light, this being supplied by the Duke's own dynamos, driven by a neighbouring water-fall.



THE ARCHDUCHESS ELIZABETH, BETROTHED TO PRINCE OTTO VON WINDISCH-GRÄTZ.

Photo by Türk, Vienna.



THE PALACE OF SCHÖNBRUNN (IN THE SUBURBS OF VIENNA), WHERE THE ENGAGEMENT OF THE ARCHDUCHESS ELIZABETH TO PRINCE OTTO WAS ANNOUNCED.

From a Photograph by A. Wimmer, Vienna.

Jane, Lady Carew. Lady Carew was actually married the year after the Battle of Waterloo, and she has lived in three centuries. She was a noted beauty at the Court of Louis Philippe, and she took with her to Paris a dress of Irish poplin, a material which aroused the ecstatic enthusiasm of her modiste. When Lord and Lady Carew were ascending a staircase at the Tuileries for some great reception, she felt a pull at her dress. Turning sharply round to catch the supposed pickpocket, she saw, to her astonishment, a lady of the highest rank, who, with many apologies, begged to know what this wonderful dress was made of. Lady Carew remembers that it was a poplin of cream and white, embroidered all over with tiny sprigs of gold thread, and this incident was enough to introduce Irish poplin into France.

Retirement of the Bishop of Worcester. The resignation by the Right Rev. Dr. Perowne of the See of Worcester removes a striking and popular figure from the Episcopal Bench. Now seventy-eight years of age, the Bishop feels, no doubt, that the duties of his important position may better be discharged by a younger divine. Dr. Perowne has long held a high place in the Church. He is a distinguished ecclesiastic in many ways. Educated at Norwich and Cambridge (where he took many prizes), he was "priested" in 1847. His first great preferment was when he was offered and accepted the Hulsean Professorship of Divinity in 1875. Three years later, he became Dean of Peterborough. In 1891, he was given the Bishopric of Worcester, and after ten years of incessant labour he now retires. He has been a voluminous writer of books, amongst the most important of which are the "Remains of Bishop Thirlwall" and his well-known "Cambridge Bible for Schools." He has also published a special edition of the Psalms.

Love and the Lord Chancellor. "Farewell, my own; light of my life, farewell!" sang the tar in one of Mr. Gilbert's most successful operas at the Savoy. So, "by arrangement with Lady Francis Cecil," as they say on the play-bills, Lieutenant Cecil might have sung—throughout the days while he remains a Ward-in-Chancery—to Miss Jessie Bain, the daughter of the Belfast stockbroker,

were it not for the fact that, in spite of the law and its restrictions, in spite of his protesting mother, he has declared his intention of making her his wife. The play of "Love's Young Dream; or, Harlequin the Irate Parent and the Forbidden Banns," with post-horses on the road and Gretna Green in the distance, has always been an alluring one for the general public, and, when the chief parts are played by two handsome young people, the interest never fails to cumulate round them. The interest has certainly grown daily in the case of the Lieutenant and his lady-love, who fulfil, from the pictorial point of view, all the physical qualifications for the parts of the hero and heroine of romance, as the pictures reproduced in *The Sketch* sufficiently attest.

The Course of True Love.

Lieutenant Cecil met Miss Bain while receiving military instruction at Carrickfergus, before Christmas of last year, and the acquaintance which sprang up led to an engagement. Miss Jessie Bain is twenty-two, has many accomplishments, and was educated at Neuchâtel; she is an adept at horsemanship, driving, and tennis. At first, Lady Francis Cecil seems to have had no objection to the engagement, and to have authorised the publication of banns with a view to marriage. But the Rev. Mr. Reade, Rector of St. Patrick's Church, Jordanstown, after proclaiming the banns twice, did not go further, after an interview with Lady Francis Cecil. So the pair went on to Edinburgh, whither the young gentleman's mother also arrived and took up her quarters in the Roxburghe Hotel.

A forthcoming book that should prove of considerable interest is one entitled "Fancy Far-Land." It is to be published by Messrs.

Chapman and Hall at the end of the month, and is written by Miss Myra Hamilton. The author, who is the step-daughter of Mr. A. W. Pinero, has contributed a large number of short stories to many well-known magazines lately. She also compiled "The Pinero Birthday-Book," which was issued by the firm of William Heinemann some little time ago. Miss Hamilton's brother, Mr. Angus Hamilton, has recently distinguished himself as a War-Correspondent in both South Africa and China, where he represented the *Times* and other important papers.



THE DOWAGER LADY CAREW. PHOTOGRAPHED RECENTLY, AT THE AGE OF 104.

Taken by Poole, Waterford.



LIEUTENANT CECIL.



MISS JESSIE BAIN.

WHOSE ROMANTIC STORY HAS BRIGHTENED THE NEWSPAPERS FOR SOME DAYS PAST.

From Photographs by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

Royal Houses. Workmen have of late been busy in both York House and Clarence House, the latter being prepared for the use of the Duke of Connaught. The Duke and Duchess of York, finding the accommodation of York House insufficient, Clarence House, which was the residence of the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg, was spoken of as a future residence of the Heir-Apparent. The death of Queen Victoria altered the arrangements, and now the Duke and Duchess of York, when the King goes to Buckingham Palace, will occupy Marlborough House. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, till the late Sovereign's death, occupied a suite of twenty-eight rooms at Buckingham Palace.

Some Bonâ-fide Engagements.

Now that the craze for false news has even spread to the untrue announcements of important engagements, one is apt to look askance at such reports. Recently, however, we have had two formal announcements of important Society betrothals, that of Lady Annabel Crewe-Milnes, the elder daughter of Lord Crewe, to the good-looking scion of the O'Neill family who is one of the ornaments of the 2nd Life Guards, and that of pretty Miss Long, Mr. Walter and Lady Doreen's elder daughter, to Mr. G. A. Gibbs, the son of a Somersetshire worthy. Lady Doreen is one of the most popular and cheery of political hostesses, as well as one of the keenest sportswomen in the kingdom, and many of her friends have scarcely yet realised that she is the mother of a grown-up

daughter. Lady Annabel is, of course, the step-daughter of Lord Rosebery's younger daughter, and it is a rather curious thing that her engagement should have been announced just after that of her step-aunt had been so emphatically contradicted.

Were the absence from this country of Mr. J. H. Choate, the American Ambassador, regarded as other than temporary, there would be very general regret, not throughout the Metropolis merely, but in all parts of the land, for Mr. Choate is as much an Englishman in his sympathies as he is by birth and manifold characteristics an American. Not only in Society, but also in academic and legal circles he is at home, and no Transatlantic Ambassador has been more popular than Mr. Choate, whose delight it frequently has been during his sojourn in



MISS LONG,
WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO MR. G. A. GIBBS IS ANNOUNCED.
Photo by Alice Hughes, Goncer Street.

England to act as cicerone to a company of his countrymen to Westminster Abbey and other sacred and historic shrines in the Old Land. He has been a frequent visitor, generally with a member of his own family or an American visitor, to the Carlyle house in Cheyne Row.

Sir Donald Currie. Sir Donald Currie, despite his seventy-six years, has been enjoying a prolonged spell of sport on the moors of his native land. No amount of daily exercise seems to tire him, while his ardour as he treads the heather with firm and alert step is as warm as that of the novice to sport. In the deer-forest of Drummond Hill, which separates Strathtay from Glen Lyon, several royal deer have fallen to the knightly septuagenarian's gun—three of which, with regal antlers, weighed over sixteen stone each. Sir Donald has a rich store of reminiscences of distinguished folk whose friendship he enjoyed, and he never wearies of relating wordy encounters he has at times had with Mr. W. E. Gladstone and the late Poet Laureate.

An Instructive Anecdote.

In the long ago, when the then Duke and Duchess of Sutherland were entertaining a German Prince, in days when even German Royal personages rarely visited this country, the noble guest excited some amusement and more disgust by solemnly announcing to his host and the latter's friends that, in addition to bringing down a fine "Royal," for which feat he had been heartily congratulated, he had succeeded in wounding eight or ten deer! Of course, no remark was made, but the Prince is said to have afterwards remarked, "How jealous those English sportsmen are! They even envy me my little successes."

A Great Empire-Builder's Bride.

Lady Katherine Thynne, the bride of Earl Cromer—who has done so much for England in Egypt that he has come to be regarded as a sort of personification of British power on the Nile—belongs to that old family of which the head is the Marquis of Bath. Lady Katherine is thirty-six,



LADY KATHERINE THYNNE, WHO WAS MARRIED TO EARL CROMER
ON OCT. 22.

From a Sketch by the Marchioness of Granby.

and it is universally agreed by her friends that her charm and her social gifts will inaugurate a period of great brilliancy at the half-empty official residence of the British Consul-General and Agent in Cairo. The present Lord Bath is Lady Katherine's brother, and she has an elder sister, Lady Alice, who is married to Mr. Michael Shaw-Stewart.

Ness Castle Pools. The fishing season on the Ness River came to an end on the 15th, and, notwithstanding the dry season, some good sport has been obtained on the Ness Castle Pools. Several large fish were killed by Mrs. George Harland-Peck, who is a most ardent sportswoman. Mr. Harland-Peck has been a tenant of Lord Alington for the past two years, but has lately secured a lease



MRS. G. HARLAND-PECK KILLING A SALMON ON THE NESS CASTLE WATER.

Photo by Whyte, Inverness, N.B.

of the property from the owner. The moor, although not a large one, has yielded a good deal of excellent sport this season, and there is first-class ground-game shooting.

Trafalgar Day. Monday of this week (Oct. 21) was the anniversary of one of the most glorious days in the history of England. "Long shall the tale be told!" One of the survivors of the great battle is Nelson's flagship, the *Victory*, which to this day has a place, and a place of honour, in our naval life. There is something



ANNIVERSARY OF TRAFALGAR: THE GEORGE HOTEL, PORTSMOUTH.

Famous as being the place where Nelson slept on the night before starting from England on his last voyage.

appropriate, something finely suggestive, in the fact that she is now the scene of all our Naval Courts-Martial—over them there may be said to preside the inspiring memory of the lofty spirit, the fervent patriotism, and the heroic example of the mighty dead. The Court-Martial held to investigate the loss of the ill-fated destroyer *Cobra* has just been concluded. But what a difference between the *Cobra* and the grand old *Victory*!

Major - General O'Grady Haly, C.B.,

has tendered his resignation of the appointment as Commander of the Militia of the Dominion, a position not easy to fill on several counts. Major-General O'Grady Haly had, however, the honour of receiving the thanks of the Duke of Cornwall and York for his management of the great review at Toronto, and throughout the brief period of his command he has carried out its onerous duties with credit to himself and advantage to the Dominion. Not unnaturally, perhaps, seeing how Canadian officers have distinguished themselves in South Africa, the Colonial Government will next Session introduce a Bill providing that either an Imperial or Canadian officer may be appointed to command the Militia of the Dominion, for at present the law stipulates that the General Officer commanding must hold an Imperial commission. Public opinion in Canada has long been in favour of the change. Major-General O'Grady Haly is a fine soldier and comes of distinguished military stock. In spite of his Hibernian patronymic, he is a Kentishman, for he was born at Tunbridge Wells. He has seen war-service in Egypt and on the North-West Frontier of India, is a "D.S.O." and an author of repute. When at home he lives at Frimley, in Surrey.

Sir Edward Walter, K.C.B.

Forty-two years ago, Captain Edward Walter, an officer who had served in the 44th Foot and the Royal Irish Hussars, conceived the happy idea of assisting discharged soldiers to make a living by founding the Corps of Commissionaires whose neat uniform is so familiar to Londoners. Now, a Division of this most useful organisation has been established in the West-Country Metropolis of Bristol, and, in announcing this fact, Sir Edward points with pardonable pride to the results of his long and arduous labours. He says: "Our oldest member is now in the enjoyment of a Corps pension of £10, besides possessing a Savings Bank deposit of £200, all this being in addition to a yearly pension for the loss of a limb." The Corps has other thirty-six members on its pension-list, all over the age of sixty-five; and Sir Edward claims that the theory he started with in 1859 has been carried into practice, and that, "without taxing the industry of anyone outside our own organisation," an old-age pension system has been carried out through a strict adherence to the principles upon which the Corps was founded. *The Sketch* cordially congratulates Sir Edward on the well-deserved success of his scheme, and wishes him and his Corps of Veterans still further prosperity in the future than they have enjoyed in the past.

The Emperor and the Newspapers.

I am able to state positively (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*) that the German Emperor himself reads quite a number of the daily papers of both Germany and other countries. It has been said that His Majesty is entirely dependent on his so-called Literary Bureau, the employés of which are instructed to cut out paragraphs which they consider of interest to His Majesty, and paste them on a large piece of cardboard for the Kaiser's perusal and delectation. This is perfectly true, but it is wrong to suppose that the Emperor trusts to that alone. He takes in about a dozen different papers, and several weekly periodicals, including *The Sketch*. On a certain occasion, one of the officials in the Literary Bureau omitted to cut out

an interesting paragraph: the Emperor happened to read it himself in his own paper. An Adjutant was sent down in hot haste to the office to "know the reason why," and great was the discomfiture of the official in question. The Kaiser is especially fond of English illustrated magazines and illustrated papers, and, somehow, finds time to read quite a number in the course of the week.

Another Monument Unveiled.

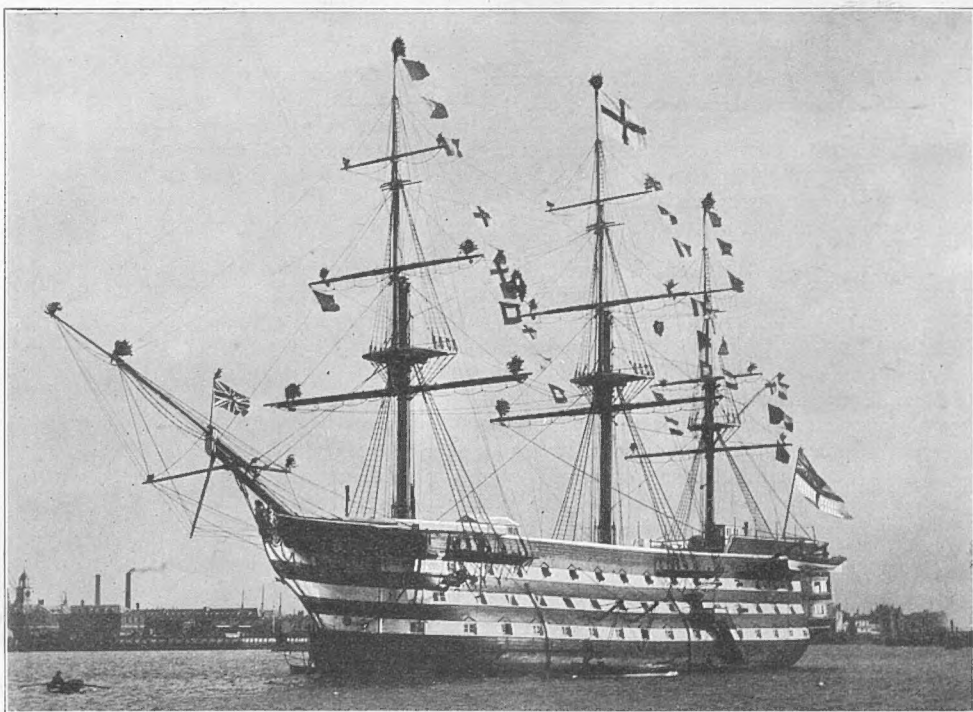
The indefatigable Kaiser unveiled yet another monument yesterday at Charlottenburg. This time it was a statue of the late Prince Albrecht. The ceremony was very similar to the innumerable events of like nature that constantly take place now in Berlin and neighbourhood. The day being fine, thousands of inquisitive onlookers had congregated along the road reaching from the station where the Kaiser would enter his carriage. Suddenly, a harsh shout of "Shoulder arms!" was heard, the lines of spectators were seen to lean eagerly forward, and the Kaiser drove rapidly down from the station, shook the late Prince's immediate descendants vigorously by the hand, kissed the widow, signed for the statue's veil to fall, listened to the Address read to him by one of the chief officials, spoke a few words to his immediate suite, jumped into his carriage again, and proceeded to lunch with the officers of the regiment which had stood on guard during the ceremony. The statue remained alone in its glory and the public went home.

The Virchow Festival.

The hero of the hour this week was the world-famed pathologist, Professor Virchow. Men of distinction arrived in Berlin from every country—Lord Lister and Sir Felix Semon from London, Signor Baccelli from Italy, and other celebrated savants without end. The German Emperor sent the eighty-year-old scientist a letter of welcome and congratulation through the Minister of Education, His Excellency Studt, and presented Virchow with the Gold Medal for Science. This mark of esteem is considered by many of Virchow's friends as but a slender token of regard as compared with many given to other noted personalities of the century. They point out, for instance, that the celebrated painter Menzel, who, though a great artist, is not so famed throughout the world as the eminent pathologist, Virchow, received the Order of the Black Eagle. The Gold Medal for Science has been given to many other people who are far and away from being as noted as Virchow. Altogether, there is a distinct note of disappointment noticeable in the German Press.

This is, after all, hardly wonderful. Virchow is, besides being a great scientist, an eager dabbler in politics; he is, moreover, an ardent admirer of the Liberal Party. This in itself is hardly likely to make him popular in high circles. Still, the meeting in his honour passed off very well. The large hall in the "Abgeordnetenhaus" was filled to overflowing. The Italian representative, the Minister of Agriculture, Baccelli, read a long, impressive Latin speech, and then presented Virchow with a medal struck by the Italian Government especially in that scientist's honour. Speeches were made, toasts drunk, and courtesies exchanged till far into the night, and then everyone except Virchow went to bed. He, despite his eighty years, went to his laboratory and worked for fully two hours before retiring to rest.

Another veteran student also celebrated, though more quietly, an epoch in his long life of research. Professor Mommsen finished last



ANNIVERSARY OF TRAFALGAR: THE "VICTORY" AT REST IN PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR, DECORATED WITH GARLANDS AND FLYING THE FAMOUS SIGNAL.

From Photographs by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

week half-a-century of work as Professor of History at the Berlin University. The University sent him a tribute in the shape of a large wreath, and the Government also was represented by Dr. Studt, Professor Althoff, and Dr. Schmidt. The aged Professor preferred remaining quietly at Charlottenburg for the occasion, and, therefore, but little attention was paid to the event, despite the fame which he has justly earned.

Prince Christian in Berlin. His Royal Highness Prince Christian has been spending a few days with His Excellency Sir Frank Lascelles at the British Embassy (adds my Berlin Correspondent). It is probable that the visit was partly due to the settling-up of the Prince's daughter's affairs in connection with her recent divorce from Prince Aribert of Anhalt. The Prince often comes like this, quite incognito, and stays at the Embassy. His Royal Highness has left now for England. Sir Frank Lascelles leaves Berlin at the beginning of November for about a month. I may add that the Hon. Launcelot D. Carnegie, Second Secretary at the Berlin Embassy, has had the distinction of Commander of the Victorian Order conferred upon him; this is probably in recognition of his services when in attendance upon His Majesty King Edward at Cronberg. Lord Gough, who has been made British Minister at Dresden, has just returned from his leave and is already preparing for his departure to Dresden, his



PORTRAIT OF MR. B. W. FINDON, PRESENTED TO HIM BY THE PLAYGOERS' CLUB.

successor, Mr. Buchanan, and Lady Georgina Buchanan, the wife of the new First Secretary, arriving at the beginning of the week.

The President of the Playgoers'. To mark their appreciation of his services during the past year, the members of the Playgoers' Club on Friday last presented Mr. B. W. Findon with his portrait in oils. The painter is Mr. Rowland Holyoake, whose work has gained admittance to the Royal Academy for several years past. With one exception, Mr. Findon is the oldest member of the Club, and took an active part in its debates so long ago as 1886. Mr. Findon is the dramatic and musical critic of the *Morning Advertiser* and musical critic of the *Echo*. For some years he was a member of the literary staff of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, and he has contributed to many other journals and magazines. As a dramatist, he is responsible for two one-Act comedies, "Troubles" and "Fancourt's Folly," a three-Act comedy-drama, "Stella," and a four-Act play, "The Primrose Path." A descriptive poem, "The Gates of Night," set to music by Mr. Arthur Hervey and sung by Mr. Andrew Black, was given a favourable hearing at the recent Gloucester Festival, and will be included in this week's programme at the Queen's Hall Promenade Concerts.

Sousa and his Band. I hear that there has been a keen competition among the Directorates of certain of our variety houses to secure the Sousa Band, and that, after the bidding had run into thousands, the Empire Management secured the services of Sousa and his Company for a series of twelve performances. At the time of writing, no definite arrangements have been made, but it is hardly likely that the band will perform at the Empire. It is more likely to be heard at some other house. Why not Covent Garden? Down to the present, Sousa and his merry men have met with great success.

The "Dagonet" Bridegroom and his Bride.

Those who have only just discovered that George R. Sims, the *Referee's* "Mustard and Cress" purveyor, was quietly married in his very own Parish of Marylebone nearly three months ago, also appear, for the most part, to be ignorant of the fact that "G. R. S.," true to his dramatic experiences and instinct, has taken unto himself a theatrical bride. This charming young brunette, Miss Florence Wykes, whose biography was given in *The Sketch* many months ago—when "Dagonet" first began to woo her, as a matter of fact—is not London-born, like her gifted husband, but is a native of the go-ahead town of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's adoption—Birmingham, to wit. In that capital of Hardwaria, the future Mrs. "Dagonet," insisting upon "going on the stage," prevailed upon her parents to let her take lessons in music and singing. Ere long, the dashing little damsel, while yet in her early teens, joined certain operatic and musical-play companies. In due course, Miss Wykes made her first London appearance, in the suburbs, in one of the musical pieces written by the said Sims and set to music by Mr. Clarence Corri, whom "G. R. S." generally describes as his "curly-headed composer." Anon, Miss Wykes was found around the suburbs playing the principal soubrette part in the "El Capitan" Touring Company, and very delightfully she played it. The beautiful little lady's next striking success was in the last Dalston pantomime, run by Mr. Milton Bode, who tours many of Mr. Sims's plays. It was to be hoped, for the sake of playgoers, that when Miss Wykes quietly married Mr. Sims, in August, she would, after their pleasant Alpine honeymoon, return to the stage. But nothing has yet been arranged on this subject. As to the bridegroom's biography, there is, of course, little to add to what is already known thereof. Moreover, he contrives to add materially thereto every week in his *Referee* three columns.



MR. GEORGE R. SIMS ("DAGONET"), WHO WAS QUIETLY MARRIED TO MISS FLORENCE WYKES ABOUT THREE MONTHS AGO.

Under the title "Mr Punch's Dramatic Sequels," Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, and Co., Limited, will republish at the end of October the series of continuations to famous plays by St. John Hankin which appeared in *Punch* in the early part of the year. The price will be five shillings net.

Guy's Hospital. Sir Joseph Dimsdale, M.P., Lord Mayor-Elect, has promised to preside at a Mansion House Meeting, to be held early in January next, in furtherance of the appeal of this hospital for a renewal of public support. A sum of £180,000 is required to meet the cost of many works of renovation and extension rendered necessary by the age of the hospital and the constantly increasing demands upon its ministrations. The Appeal also asks that the income of the hospital derived from voluntary sources may be increased to £25,000 per annum. In a time like the present, when the demands of the War and its various funds are so pressing, it is more difficult than usual to raise money; but the claims of "Guy's" should be paramount.



MISS FLORENCE WYKES, A CHARMING YOUNG ACTRESS WHO HAS BECOME MRS. GEORGE R. SIMS. Photo by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

*Across the
Mediterranean by
Balloon.*

The conquest of the Empire of the Air seems as far off as ever, so far as any practical results are concerned. The "dirigible" balloon, notwithstanding the cleverness and praiseworthy perseverance of M. Santos-Dumont and others of the same stamp, appears to be no nearer of realisation. And the impracticability of the balloon for compassing a voyage of any distance through the air has again been demonstrated by the failure last week of Comte de la Vaulx and his companions to make the journey from Toulon to Algeria—from Europe to Africa. Yet it is only by continual efforts and experiments that some day the problem of aerial navigation will be solved. When Comte de la Vaulx announced his intention of crossing the Mediterranean by balloon, comparatively little notice was taken of it, mainly owing to the fact that general attention was given to the aeronautic efforts of Santos-Dumont. But when it was known that he had actually started and was accompanied by a ship-of-war, his movements were followed with general interest. In Paris, the Ministry of Marine, always sanguine, actually prophesied his success. And at one time it looked as if the daring venture was to succeed. But, after a voyage lasting for forty-two hours, an adverse wind compelled its abandonment.

There were four gentlemen in the balloon, which was appropriately named the "Méditerranéen"; besides the Comte de la Vaulx, who projected the expedition, there were M. de Castillon, M. Hervé, and Lieutenant Tapissier. When the air-ship left the Sablettes, off Toulon, the aeronauts soon began to experience a stiff easterly breeze, which was exactly what they wanted at the start. But their speed was slight, and the warship in attendance, the *Du Chayla*, had no difficulty in following the balloon. The east wind, shifting a point or two, continued to blow, but it was no longer in their favour, and, instead of helping them to Algiers, was driving them on to the coast of Spain. About ten miles from Port Vendres, the Count decided it was impossible to proceed further, and he signalled the *Du Chayla*, which took himself, his companions, and the now deflated balloon on board. The Count expresses his determination to try again.

*Coronation and the
Rue de la Paix.*

The Queen's recommendation that all the gowns to be worn at the Coronation should be made in England has caused a violent fluttering in the dove-cotes of the Rue de la Paix (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). The French dress-makers seem to have counted on making their fortunes from the event; one would think from their cries that they were being deprived of a just monopoly. And yet, perhaps, they might do better than complain; they bank in the ordinary course of a year an enormous amount of English money. Every Drawing-Room throws into France for dress some half-million francs, and the dressmaker Worth once stated before a Government Committee that a three weeks' mourning at the English Court meant a loss to Paris of fifteen million francs! The Rue de la Paix, then, should meditate on past favours, and be willing that good clients should celebrate a rare patriotic fête to themselves.

The Play in Paris. I pass over the famous play of Shefer's, "Le Roi," at the Comédie, because it is uninteresting and deals in quasi-historical fashion with the wish of the father, for political reasons, to marry his daughter to a man she detests, and who, as it turns out, is the lover of her mother. The Folies-Dramatiques has found a gold-mine in "Le Billet de Logement." *Cocasse*, if you like; but really good French fun of the Palais-Royal in its palmiest days. The idea of two ladies of the same name living in the same street, the one the type of virtue in its most militant form, and the other of a different mood, and the mistakes that arise out of billeting the soldiers in the wrong house, was wildly funny. Hirsch approved himself one of the finest comedians in Lutetia's walls. Gémier is fairly happy with his satire on French electioneering manœuvres, but it is pointless to an

English audience, whilst I cannot see any chance of "L'Amour du Prochain" turning the luck of that ill-fated house, the Bouffes-Parisiens. In book form, it was amusing to read as the "Théâtre chez Vous," but on the stage it is hopelessly dull. The mounting in no way helped it. In my experience of life, ladies rarely wear evening-dress at breakfast, and gentlemen do not wear evening-dress and white kid gloves when touring in Norway. Yvette Guilbert is back at Olympia, and if you care to stand an hour at the doors you may see her. Sada and Loïe have chased the beautiful Jane Hading from the Athénée, and substituted flashing lights and multicoloured dresses and the "kikiki-cacokowee" of the Japanese for "Les Demi-vierges."

*The Light that
Failed.*

I hear with sorrow that the poor Baronne de Rhaden is in a state of destitution in a humble house in the suburbs of Paris. The Baronne was one of the glories of the *haute école* at the Nouveau Cirque and the old Hippodrome. One morning, at Nice, her maid woke her, only to be told that she was not in the habit of getting up in the middle of the night—though the morning sun was pouring in. She had been stricken blind in the night, without warning. The eyes retained their lustre, and she persisted in mounting a highly trained horse. What was destined to happen, happened, and she sustained a terrible fall. The priceless jewels that admirers had given her had allowed her to live till now; but, alas! black poverty stares the lightless-eyed beauty in the face.

*The Danger of
Paying Debts.*

A sudden outburst of honesty on the part of the Parisian public in particular and the provincial public in general is one of the causes of the French financial disaster this year. The income-tax is collected in twelve monthly instalments, although the ratepayer has a right to pay it down in a lump sum. This year he has done this, and the enormous profits that the Government gained by fining those who overlooked their monthly obligations are suppressed. Paris alone used to bring in two million francs in this indirect fashion of taxation. Now, M. Caillaux, the Minister of Finance, is doubting whether honesty is the best policy.

*The Comédie
Mystery.*

Many days will pass before the Sociétaires of the Comédie-Française will show their hand. By decree of the Cabinet, the Comité de Lecture is suppressed. *Soit!* But the secrecy of the Confessional is as nothing compared with the meetings of the Committee. I have tackled every member, but never a word will they utter. There may or may not be wisdom in many counsellors; but, if

the personnel followed their advice, they would become candidates for a lunatic asylum. Sarah Bernhardt calls upon them to revolt, and then rubs in the salt by remarking that, if they really did stand on their dignity, half of them would not find an engagement in a second-rate provincial theatre. Antoine consoles the members with the assurance that the Comédie is played-out and useless, and invites them to stand on their dignity and strike. Poor Claretie, whom I met on the first-night of "Le Roi," looks the picture of unhappiness. To have the entire responsibility of selecting plays for a Company that he knows will be hostile is hard upon him. The Sociétaires have, I noticed, fallen back upon a rather pathetic trick. They have hunted out of the cellars of the House a picture of Molière reading a play to the Committee, and also a more modern one of Alexandre Dumas in a similar attitude. These are prominently displayed, and Coquelin cadet can hardly pass them without wiping his eyes.

*Civilising the
Chinese.*

An indiscretion permits me to declare before the entire Scotch nation that which will make their bosoms swell with pride and their kilts flutter gently in the breeze. The only drink used as a liqueur at the Chinese Embassy in Paris is whisky, and it is the most favoured of the Heathen with soda-water in the morning as an eye-opener.



Comte de la Vaulx. Comte Castillon de Saint-Victor.

COMTE DE LA VAULX, WHO RECENTLY ATTEMPTED TO CROSS THE MEDITERRANEAN BY BALLOON, AND ONE OF HIS ASSISTANTS.



MY HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY—AND SOME PEOPLE WHO CARE.

INSPIRED, my dear Dollie, by the spirited example of a younger brother of the pen, I ventured, the other day, to have a birthday. There was nothing very remarkable about the day itself. London, as usual, was rather dirty, rather foggy, rather morose; my health was just about as frail as it had been the day before; the Club luncheon-menu gave no startling sign of incipient originality on the part of the steward or the cook, or whoever happens to be responsible; I found it necessary to shave when I got up in the morning and undress before I went to bed at night; the good folks in the street elbowed past me just as though they didn't care two straws whether I was a centenarian or a galvanised mummy.

One or two people, however, remembered the day. And, as my younger brother in art published his birthday letters, and younger brothers always know what is the right thing to do and what isn't, here goes. The first letter I opened was from my maiden-aunt. She is rising eighty, and has been expecting, for some thirty years, to inherit an arm-chair of mine that she particularly fancies. This is her letter—

MY DEAR NEPHEW,—I regret that I cannot congratulate you on the attainment of your hundredth birthday. In the first place, it is so *bourgeois* to be a hundred years old, and, in the second place, I am afraid you have no worthy motive for thus prolonging a useless and frivolous career. When I think of you, sitting all alone in my—I mean, your—arm-chair, imbibing the whisky of artificiality and smoking the pipe of ineptitude, I gnash, metaphorically, my best set of teeth and begin to wonder whether I shall ever have the pleasure of attending your funeral. I fear, my dear nephew, that you will light your cigar with this letter. I wish that you would put it into your pipe and smoke it.—Your affectionate
AUNT.

That's the sort of thing that does me good. The next epistle is from a cheery youth of some sixty summers who sinks his pride in a well of friendship—and other fluids. It says—

DEAR OLD BOY,—I call you old, not because you are a hundred, but rather that I may impress upon you how much I have learnt to lean upon you in times of distress. The fact is, my dearest old friend, I find money is rather tight just now, and, if you could see your way to liquidating a little bill of mine for £20, I should make a point of arranging a nice dinner in honour of your achievement.—Yours cordially,
T. OPER.

P.S.—We might, to save you from exposure to the night-air, hold the dinner in your rooms.

I have written to this friend, pointing out that the longer one lives the more money one is obliged to spend.

Everybody knows Ego Tist. You meet him everywhere. This is his letter—

DEAR "CHICOT,"—The other day I had my bumps interpreted. The man said that I had a good figure, was very handsome, and wore delightful boots. What a wonderful science phrenology is! I note that you are a hundred to-day. Poor old chap!—Yours,
E. TIST.

This is more exciting. The writer is evidently a man intended by Nature to make a mark in the world. From the tone of the following, it would seem that he has arrogated to himself the privilege of making a mark on me—

DEAR SIR,—For the space of one hundred years exactly you have eaten the venison of selfishness and drunk the wine of tyranny. For one hundred years you have lolled in the carriages of the poor, clothed yourself in the garments of the widow, and squandered the money of the penniless. But think not to end your days in wanton luxury! Your hour has come! In the dark corners of the streets, the knife of vengeance (Sheffield made) is waiting to drink your blood. The hand that grips the handle rules the world! That hand is mine!—Your Neighbour to the End,

N. R. KIST.

Cheery, isn't it? But I tear it up, and proceed to a little pink envelope that comes, I know, from my favourite great-grandchild. She is a sweet babe, all frills, and starch, and ribbons, and pinkness. Hear her then—

DEAR GREAT-GRANDPA,—To-day is your birthday. I tell you that because mother says you left off counting your birthdays ten years before she was born. What a long time ago that must have been! I wonder if you are going to give me a present to celebrate the occasion? Papa says he doesn't think it likely, and that you become more of a "curmudgeon" every day. What is a curmudgeon, Great-grandpa? It sounds rather like a little kind of fish that you catch and put into a bottle. You *would* look funny in a bottle, wouldn't you? Good-bye now. I've got to go out for a walk. I hate walks—Your aff. little great-granddaughter,
FLOSSIE.

P.S.—If you can't afford me a pony, I'll make a watch do.

P.P.S.—Gold, of course!

A young journalist, who learnt to lie even before he learnt to grab, and whose liver is in his work as surely as his heart is in his pocket, addresses me thus—

DEAR NOAH,—Excuse my calling you that, but wit oozes out of me at every paw (Ha!).

I must condole with you upon this mournful occasion, for, however much you may strive to conceal the fact, you know that you are sadly out-of-date. This is the age of the paragraph, the snippet. You, I fear, have developed into a column of close type. However, I am bringing your obituary notice up to date to-day.—Yours, H. ALF PENNY.

Bah! I don't like too-smart journalists, but I think I prefer them to tailors. My tailor seems to have discovered my natal day, for the rascal addresses me in this sort of style—

SIR,—Once again I beg to call attention to your account, which is now considerably overdue. I understand that you are to-day one hundred years of age, and shall, therefore, be obliged if you can see your way to forwarding me a cheque without further delay. I should be sorry to be compelled to resort to strong measures, but, in the event of your not complying with this request by return of post, I shall be reluctantly obliged to place the matter in other hands.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant.

P.S.—We have lately started a new line of high-class mourning garments. Should you be kind enough, in view of probable events, to recommend our firm to your relatives, we shall esteem it a favour.

There, Dollie dear, that completes my birthday budget. Before I close, I should like to give you two words of friendly advice. The first is—Never be a centenarian. And the second, never have a birthday. I should like to add that the people by whom these letters were written had no thought that they would be read by anyone but the person to whom they were addressed. But a necessity, brought about by circumstances which the writers themselves would have regarded as all-commanding, urges that they should now be given to the world. Oyez! Oyez!



MY TAILOR WRITES—



"YOURS - CORDIALLY."



"YOUR AFFECTIONATE AUNT."

"Chicot"



MISS MARIE TEMPEST AS BECKY SHARP, AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

STAG-HUNTING WITH THE DEVON AND SOMERSET.

THESE are few Hunts in Great Britain more deservedly popular than the Devon and Somerset, of which a couple of illustrations are given on this page. It dates back for very many years—some say to the times of Queen Elizabeth; it has countless followers, and covers a vast stretch of country, from the Taw to the Parret, from



DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS: HUNTSMAN AND HOUNDS GOING TO THE MEET.

Bristol Channel nearly to Tiverton, some fifty miles by thirty. It has enjoyed the services of famous Masters like Mr. Fenwick Bisset and Lord Elbrington, and of huntsmen like Arthur Heal and Anthony Huxtable, whose knowledge of the red-deer's habits is quite remarkable. Moreover, it is a Hunt that flourishes by reason of the splendid understanding that exists between all classes and conditions of its supporters. They are sportsmen, from the Peer who contributes twenty pairs to the pack down to the small farmer who allows the big stag to punish his corn and turnips and does no more than tell the harbourer of what is going on.

What wonder, then, that the brief season of the stag-hunting brings all sorts and conditions of men to Porlock or Dulverton, or to Tiverton if the hounds kept by Sir John Amory, of Knightshayes Court, are out? For the deer have spread so rapidly that the Devon and Somerset have not been able to deal with all their ground, and in the past few years have handed over to Sir John Amory the territory they could not embrace. Sport must be very fine and country very beautiful to attract men in such numbers in the heat of the later summer, when it would be more attractive, to all outward seeming, "to sport with Amaryllis in the shade."

By mid-October, when the stags are left alone in the Highland forests, the end of stag-hunting comes to the Devon and Somerset; the season is ten short weeks. A stag is not hunted after that time, though hinds are pursued by staghounds until, to quote Swinburne, "the hounds of Spring are on Winter's traces."

Fascinating though a day with the Devon and Somerset must be to all of us who are condemned to town for the greater part of the year, there is often more of the excitement of anticipation than realisation about it. In the first place, the followers of the Hunt are so numerous that the amateur gets nervous and often loses his place; secondly, only a very fine horse can hope to see the fun through except by accident—one with long shoulders, short back, and feet hard as nails is required for the country of the Devon and Somerset, and a "cocktail" might as well be in the stable. The man who has not got a fine horse between his knees and an experienced friend with him will only hear of the sport from casual acquaintances some days after the meet, for stag-hunting must baffle the amateur, even if he knows something of fox-hunting. He may have learned from the harbourer where the stag is expected to lie, though the average harbourer is a taciturn person; he may see the tufters put in; after that, proceedings become mysterious. It may be necessary to say that tufters are experienced hounds put in cover to find the stag; they vary from four to eight couples, according to the size of the cover to be drawn.

The best plan is to stick within reasonable distance of the heels of a man who knows the country and the sport; then the apparent madness

of the huntsman in the early stages of the game will resolve itself into cunning woodcraft. When the real, warrantable deer has been found—and almost any stag that is not a "brocket" is deemed warrantable nowadays—there comes the first gallop, when all the field is fresh, when hopes are high and life seems to have yielded in those brief minutes its very essence. It is just intoxication, that first gallop in the heart of the West Country, even though the sun threatens heat-apoplexy—intoxication in a very pronounced form. Every disappointment known to hunting-men may, perhaps, be in store for you; but nothing matters: for the moment you would not change places with any man under heaven.

Woodland hunting is one of the great features of the Devon and Somerset runs, for, naturally enough, the cover is very thick during the ten weeks in which the stag must run for his life. Some men object to it, fox-hunting men from the grass counties in particular; those of us who are keen sportsmen without being experts or epicures will not grumble. Of course, some men ride to hunt, and others are well content to hunt for the ride. The Londoner is of necessity a member of the latter class, and I cannot help thinking he gets more enjoyment of a day wherein the stag seldom leaves cover than the man who finds such procedure unendurable. Fox-hunters are to be pardoned, for their favourite sport has fewer delays than stag-hunting. The red-deer's favourite device is to run to herd—that is, to get among his fellows and compel some smaller stag, at horn's point, to take up the running—a trick that throws the hounds completely off the scent, sends the young ones astray, and needs all the skill of a huntsman to upset. Another fruitful source of lost scent is a river; when the stag gets there, he often baffles the hounds and troubles the huntsman, and, as a rule, it is some shallow ford that witnesses the final scene of the day—that sees the tired stag brought to bay, the experienced hounds often showing a tendency to be content with baying the stag and leaving the huntsman to do the rest.

Fox-hunting yields more foxes in a day than stag-hunting yields stags; there is more open work—in some counties there may be harder riding; but, when all is said and done, a day with the staghounds remains very hard to beat, and he who has his choice could hardly beat Porlock for headquarters or the Devon and Somerset for sport, even though he is destined to be some miles away from the spot where the huntsman sounds a "mort."

B.

"Kim," by Rudyard Kipling (Macmillan and Co.), commands attention not only as the longest and most important work from his pen since "The Light that Failed," but because in this work he has returned to those descriptions of Indian life from which he derived his earliest successes. "Kim" is the life-story of a bazaar boy and a born detective: he has Irish blood in his veins; but the interest in the story is centred in the wandering of Kim and a certain Lurgan Sahib, a hypnotist. The book contains much Buddhistic lore and Oriental mysticism, but its strength lies in its delineation of Indian character, of which the author is such a true exponent. The first edition of this book is fifty thousand, so collectors of first editions of Mr. Kipling's works should have no difficulty in securing a copy.



DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS: BRINGING UP THE HOUNDS TO DRAW COVER.

GENERAL FRENCH AND HIS SCOUTS

OF all the able soldiers in South Africa just now, it is safe to assert that there is no better one in his own particular line than Lieutenant-General Sir John French, K.C.B. This line is the responsible and difficult one of a cavalry leader, in which capacity he has been serving at "the Front" from the commencement of the War



GENERAL FRENCH.

that is still in progress. While thus employed, he has so frequently distinguished himself that to give even a partial list of his achievements would in itself fill a newspaper column. Some of the more important ones, however, may perhaps be briefly mentioned. For example, almost at the commencement of the campaign his clever tactics were responsible for converting the hard-fought battle of Elandslaagte from a possible defeat into a certain victory; then he commanded the British cavalry throughout the long series of operations which culminated so splendidly, in February 1900, in the relief of Kimberley; and, finally, it is to his



GENERAL FRENCH'S SCOUTS.

masterly disposition of the force engaged in clearing Cape Colony of rebels that we owe the capture, a few days ago, of that "slimmest" of Boer leaders—Commandant Scheepers.

The chase after this redoubtable guerilla chief—for this is all that Scheepers has been for many months past—was both a stern and a long one. The pursuit, indeed, has been carried out unceasingly since the beginning of last July. On several occasions he has been all but laid by the heels. Thus, on July 14, General French despatched four columns to Graaf Reinet and nearly succeeded in taking him prisoner. In some extraordinary way, however, he managed to effect his escape. A few weeks later, he was engaged by another column operating in the south-western portion of the Colony, and was forced to abandon his supplies and beat a hasty retreat to the north. Following on his trail night and day, French's Scouts eventually traced him to a farmhouse at Kopjeskraal, where he was in hiding. The building was promptly

Captain Home. Captain Buist. Sir J. Milbanke.
Major Balfour. Captain Hon. R. Ward. Captain Taylor.



Colonel H. Weston. General French. Colonel Donovan. Major Miller. Captain Taylor.
Captain Aberdy.

GENERAL FRENCH AND HIS STAFF.

surrounded by a patrol of the 10th Hussars, and Scheepers placed under arrest. As he was found to be in ill-health, he was removed to Matjesfontein for medical treatment. It is confidently expected that his capture by our men and the consequent dispersal of his commando will bring home to such other marauding bands as are still in the field the advisability of surrendering without further delay.

The corps of scouts whose success in locating the hiding-place of Scheepers was primarily responsible for his capture by the Hussars belongs to one of the many Colonial Contingents which were raised some months ago in South Africa. So far as possible, all its members are of Colonial extraction. Splendid shots and horsemen, and adepts in the science of "veldt-craft," they form ideal soldiers. They have but scant respect for pipeclay, certainly, and are, perhaps, apt to attach more importance to outpost-duty than to mere barrack-square drill; in the presence of the enemy, however, they have invariably contrived to give an admirable account of themselves. Their Commanding Officer is Captain Bettelheim, and among his subordinates are Lieutenants Pietersen, O'Sullivan, and Lovndes.

Appointments as Aides-de-Camp on General French's Staff are held by Captain Sir John Milbanke and Captain the Hon. Reginald Ward. The former of these officers belongs to the 10th Hussars, in which regiment he has now nearly completed ten years' service. He proceeded to South Africa during the earlier stage of the War, and while in the field he has repeatedly distinguished himself for his coolness when under fire. For an act of conspicuous bravery at Colesberg, on Jan. 5, 1900, he was awarded the Victoria Cross. The horse ridden by one of the men belonging to a patrol he was commanding had been shot and the man was in danger of being captured by the enemy. On noticing this, Captain Milbanke promptly galloped back to his assistance and brought him back into safety. The bravery of the act was largely increased by the fact that, at the time of its performance, Sir John was himself badly wounded. Captain Ward, General French's second Aide-de-Camp, received his appointment in February of the present year. He is a son of the Earl of Dudley, and holds a commission in the Royal Horse Guards.

An interesting point in connection with General French's career is that he began life as a sailor and did not become a soldier until he had first had some experience as a midshipman in the Royal Navy. Another well-known soldier who shares this distinction with him is Sir Evelyn Wood.

H. W.

THE REAL COUNT D'ORSAY AND LADY BLESSINGTON.

A Bird's-eye View of the Life-History of the Two Chief Personages in Mr. Clyde Fitch's Play which Mr. Beerbohm Tree is to Produce To-morrow Evening at Her Majesty's Theatre.

"HE has all the air of a *Cupidon déchaîné*, and is one of the few specimens I have seen of our ideal of a Frenchman before the Revolution." So wrote Byron when he met Count Alfred Guillaume Gabrielle D'Orsay in Genoa, whither he had journeyed with the Earl and Countess Blessington soon after he had been



THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

From the Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence in the Wallace Collection.

introduced to them. It was not, however, only his physique which Byron admired, for he sat to D'Orsay for the last portrait which was ever done of him, while the journal of English Society which the versatile Count kept Byron thought a great deal of.

His, however, was by no means the only opinion of the

EXTRAORDINARY BEAUTY OF THE MAN,

who, standing six feet in his socks, with a splendidly developed chest, yet had remarkably small hands and feet. Nathaniel P. Willis wrote: "He is certainly the most splendid specimen of a man and a well-dressed one that I had ever seen," while Lord Lytton, in dedicating to him his "Godolphin," inscribed it to

"THE MOST ACCOMPLISHED GENTLEMAN OF OUR TIME"

Such a man—artistic to his finger-tips: was he not sculptor as well as painter?—of the fashionable world, courted and made much of by the highest in the land, the arbiter of fashion, whose every change of garment was noted and copied, naturally appealed to the exotic imagination of the then Benjamin Disraeli, who was busy making his reputation as a novelist. The result was that the Count's portrait, if not his photograph, appears in the guise of Count Mirabel in "Henrietta Temple."

To his ability as a painter, the "Iron Duke," then the most important subject in the land, lent the weight of his appreciation. He sat to D'Orsay, and, when the portrait was finished, he exclaimed in admiration,

"AT LAST I HAVE BEEN PAINTED LIKE A GENTLEMAN!"

and, as if that were not sufficient praise, he added, "I will never sit to anyone else." Not less satisfactory were the statuettes D'Orsay did of Wellington and of Napoleon, while he essayed and carried to completion the unique project of publishing a hundred and twenty-five profile sketches of his contemporaries, nearly all of whom were visitors at

GORE HOUSE, WHERE "THE GORGEOUS LADY BLESSINGTON" LIVED.

Perhaps the most remarkable circumstance in his life was the fact that he was married to the daughter of Lord Blessington by his first wife. The union, however, was short-lived, and husband and wife soon separated, D'Orsay giving up all his claim on the Blessington estates, then worth some £30,000 a-year, for a certain sum and the redemption of certain annuities, the result of these arrangements being that over £100,000 was paid to his creditors.

When the financial crash in D'Orsay's life came, in 1849, he went to

Paris with one valet and one portmanteau—a falling-off indeed from the state he kept in the halcyon days when he vied with Lord Sefton and Lord Chesterfield as the leader of the *beau monde*! In Paris he was

RECEIVED WITH OPEN ARMS BY PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON,

then President of the Republic, who wished to give him a Diplomatic mission, and would, indeed, have made him Minister at Hanover but that the Ministry refused to sanction the appointment. Determined to do something for his friend, Louis Napoleon eventually made him Director of Fine Arts, frequently visiting the studio he established in Paris, as did the ex-King Jérôme, of whom he modelled a full-sized statue. From both these personages he won much praise by a colossal "Napoleon," which he completed during his comparatively short residence in the City of Light. A disease of the spine killed him, and he died in August 1852, a month before he completed his fifty-first year.

Lady Blessington, who for twenty years was one of the brilliant and interesting figures in London Society, was a dozen years older than the Count, and when we read of her

EXTRAORDINARY BEAUTY, WHICH SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE PAINTED when she was eighteen, it is curious to reflect that, as a child, she was regarded as the ugly duckling of the family, which was noted for and prided itself on its comeliness of face and form. She must have improved rapidly, for by the time she was fourteen and a-half she was married to Captain Farmer, of Poplar Hall, County Kildare, and in 1816 she came to London with him. Their married life was, however, hardly a success, for in the following year he was in the King's Bench Prison, and, while drunk, fell from a window and was killed. Four months after, the non-disconsolate widow consoled (?) herself with the hand and fortune of Lord Blessington, and, soon after, they started on that trip to the Continent during which they met D'Orsay, whose life was thenceforward to be so intimately linked with hers.

In 1831, she came to London, where she at once became the vogue, Haydon writing in his diary, "Everybody goes to Lady Blessington, who is one of the most lovely and fascinating women I have ever seen."

With Lord Blessington's death her fortunes underwent a change for the worse, for, instead of £30,000 a-year, which he had at one time, her income was reduced to about £2000. It was to augment it that she took to writing, at which, for nearly twenty years, it has been said, she earned from £2000 to £3000 a-year. As she spent at least £4000, and her private income gradually dwindled until it vanished altogether, the result was inevitable. Paris claimed her as a refugee, and she died suddenly, of apoplexy and heart-disease, on June 4, 1849, in her sixtieth year.

With lady writers filling so large a place in the journalism of the day, it is decidedly interesting to recall the fact that when, in 1846, the

"DAILY NEWS" WAS STARTED, LADY BLESSINGTON WAS ENGAGED to contribute "exclusive intelligence" at a salary of £500 a-year, but, after only some six months' work, she resigned the appointment. For



THE FAMOUS COUNT D'ORSAY.

From an Old Print.

ten years she edited the *Keepsake*, and for several years she also edited the "Book of Beauty," a great part of which she wrote herself; and she also wrote several three-volume novels, one of which, "Strathern; or, Life at Home and Abroad: A Story of the Present Day," made £600 for her, although only four hundred copies were sold, for it first appeared as a serial in the *Sunday Times*.



MISS ETHEL WARWICK,
A CLEVER YOUNG ACTRESS WHO HAS BEEN PLAYING AND UNDERSTUDYING AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.
(See "*The Sketch*" Musical and Theatrical Gossip.)

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.

"THE LAST OF THE DANDIES."

IN addition to the historical survey of England's Beau-time to be found in another column, it is, of course, only fitting that *Sketch* readers should be presented with details concerning the play itself, which Mr. Tree had fixed, up to the moment of going to press, to submit to his patrons at Her Majesty's to-morrow (Thursday) evening.

I have had a good many chats with Mr. Tree about this play, and I do not remember to have seen him so enthusiastic concerning any of his previous play-productions. Of course, as this artistic but astute actor-manager is the first to admit, no one can say whether any play, however gifted its author and its players, will be a paying success. Mr. Tree, however, and, indeed (as Shakspeare would say), "those of his inclining," seem to regard Mr. Clyde Fitch's piece as being brilliantly written. I may add also that it seemed to me, even picking up little bits as I went on, that Mr. Fitch has certainly never shown better work in any one of the three or four plays he has sent to England out of his—one could almost say—dozens.

The first Act will be chiefly taken up by D'Orsay's elaborate toilet preparations and his simultaneous reception of certain of his more or less "toney" friends and acquaintances, who in due course set forth the story revolving around the Count and the beautiful Lady Blessington and the young hero and heroine—namely, Lord Ardale and Henrietta Power, to be respectively enacted by Mr. H. B. Warner and Miss Lily Brayton. Lady Blessington, who posed alike as "poetess" (as they used to say in the early Victorian era), traveller, editor, novelist, and "gorgeous" hostess, will be played by Miss Lily Hanbury, whose handsome appearance will in every way fit the part. The other chief characters—the Marchioness of Somershire (a sometime neglected "divinity" of D'Orsay's) and a certain sporting Lord, surnamed (for the purposes of this play) Ascot—are respectively allotted to the popular Mrs. Beerbohm Tree and Mr. Edmund Maurice, whose Taffy to Mr. Tree's Svengali will, no doubt, be remembered by all West-End playgoers.

The remaining dozen or so of speaking parts are (or should be) by no means of an uninteresting character, seeing that they include counterfeit presentments of such subsequently celebrated folk as Mr. D'Israeli (afterwards Lord Beaconsfield) and Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer (afterwards Lord Lytton), as those sometime "life-seeing" worthies appeared during the last century's "forties." These two novelist-politicians, to be realistically made-up, are to be respectively enacted by Mr. S. A. Cookson and Mr. Gerald Lawrence. Three not altogether unimportant characters are Lady Carrollby, given to Miss Zeffie Tilbury (the merry Maria of "Twelfth Night"), and Count D'Orsay's two widely differentiated Valets, to be impersonated respectively by Mr. Robb Harwood (who will, in this play, make his welcome reappearance after his long and severe illness) and Mr. Courtice Pounds, the clever acting-tenor, who has, I find, no song to sing O! but has only to warble "with others," as they say in play-books.

This singing, I may tell you, will be made to the music of Mr. Paul Rubens (who has also supplied all the incidental "melos") and will

principally take place in a big river-scene near Hampton Court. The section of the Thames shown at this point will be impersonated, as one may say, by

REAL LIVE WATER.

The fact that Mr. Tree has (to use a theatrical term) "specially engaged" a certain amount of *aqua pura* to represent Father Thames need not cause any playgoers to suppose that he has, in any extensive degree, essayed to emulate the habits and customs of what is sometimes called the "Tank" drama, which has for some years past been exploited by Mr. John Douglass. It must not be forgotten that, as there were giants before our old friend Agamemnon, there was also real water to represent lakes and rivers upon the stage before the "Tank" dramas were thought of. In any case, Mr. Tree's water-scene will, I can assure you, be found a really beautiful affair, with its picturesque scenic surroundings and its gorgeous riparian costumes.

There are yet bigger effects of *mise-en-scène*, however, in "The Last of the Dandies." Among these more extensive matters may be mentioned Lady Blessington's Ball, which promises to be one of the most gorgeous scenes ever attempted upon any stage, and yet, withal, a very dramatic scene it seemed, as matters were "shaping" at rehearsal. The other big scene, both scenically and dramatically, is that representing Crockford's long famous (or otherwise) Gaming Club, which stood upon the site of the present cosy Devonshire Club. In this Crockford scene, D'Orsay will be seen at first intensely but anon volcanically joining in the more or less good old game of Hazard. These terrible doings at the gaming-table, however, are, as far as D'Orsay is presently concerned, purely for *le bon motif*, the said *motif* being solely to—but perhaps it is scarcely fair to "give away" before production what strikes me as being a most impressive *dénouement* to a highly impressive or certainly very highly strung Act.

In conclusion, it is, perhaps, time to say that, as far as one may profess to judge before a play's production, Mr. Tree's impersonation of Dandy D'Orsay promises to be a piece of acting that will arouse

the deepest interest, if only for the cameo-like finish of its every detail, yea, even as it "shapes" amid all the perplexities of complex rehearsals.

The Dandy's extremely *déagé* air in the first Act, until his interest in certain folks and comrades becomes aroused; his sudden awakening to a peculiar duty during the frenzied gambling at Crockford's; his old-world but sympathetic courtesy to a faded and neglected dame left solus at Lady Blessington's conversazione; his ineffable horror on seeing that the valet who has deserted him in his adversity and has stolen certain of his best garments is wearing them wrongly assorted; and, finally, poor old D'Orsay's fading away, will assuredly give Mr. Tree splendid scope for histrionic contrast, however the play, as a whole, may turn out.

"If I fail, myself," modestly said Mr. Tree, in our final chat upon this theme, "it will not be because the author has not given me plenty of varied opportunities, nor because I have not a splendid staff. Will it?"

And I say "ditto" to Mr. Tree.

H. CHANCE NEWTON.



MISS LILY HANBURY, WHO PLAYS LADY BLESSINGTON IN "THE LAST OF THE DANDIES," PRODUCED TO-MORROW NIGHT AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

SOME OF THE PRINCIPALS IN "THE LAST OF THE DANDIES,"

PRODUCED TO-MORROW NIGHT AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



MR. H. B. WARNER, WHO WILL PLAY LORD RAOUL ARDALE.

Photo by Williams, East Molesey.



MRS. TREE, WHO WILL PLAY LADY SOMERSHIRE.

Photo by Sarony, New York.



MISS LILY BRAYTON, WHO WILL PLAY MISS HENRIETTA POWER.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



MR. GERALD LAWRENCE, WHO WILL PLAY SIR EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON.

Photo by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

"DURING HIS MAJESTY'S PLEASURE."

LIFE AT BROADMOOR ASYLUM.

AN extensive red-brick building, fashioned somewhat like a squat letter "H," standing on a lofty eminence, amidst beautiful scenic surroundings, and wearing a generally bright and attractive appearance. That is the Asylum, at Crowthorne, in Berkshire, which receives as patients the insane among criminals.

The only feature about it which bears any resemblance to a prison are the large, nail-studded entrance-gates. The grounds in the rear are



THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO BROADMOOR ASYLUM.

arranged in terraces, leading down by stages to the cricket-field, a wide stretch of bright-green turf, level as a billiard-table, and flanked by the high outer wall. Viewed from the rear, the Asylum might pass well for the princely country abode of a distinguished nobleman. Standing immediately outside the building on the top terrace, one obtains a perfectly free and uninterrupted view of the surrounding country, the outer wall being hidden below the terraces. The building is designed to accommodate 486 male

patients and 185 females. Upon the occasion of my visit, they had one male beyond their number, but twelve short of their full complement of females. Another wing is being added, which is to accommodate an additional eighty patients and will be ready next year.

It might be supposed, from the above figures, that criminal lunatics are on the increase and that crime generally is in a flourishing condition. This, however, is not the case, when the increase of population is also taken into account.

And now kindly allow me to introduce Mr. R. Brayn, the Superintendent of Broadmoor Asylum, who very kindly placed himself at my disposal and supplied me with much interesting information. A more painstaking and energetic guide I could not have desired.

Broadmoor Asylum was instituted by special Act of Parliament in 1860, and a Council of Supervision, eight in number, is appointed by the Secretary of State. These, for the most part, are Justices of Peace for Berkshire, and attend the Asylum once a month to receive complaints. Practically speaking, there are no real causes of complaint: plenty, however, of imaginary ones. An annual visit is also paid to the Asylum by two Commissioners in Lunacy, and a report is made by them to the Home Secretary.

Although discipline prevails at Broadmoor, there are no hard-and-fast rules to be observed, as in the case of an ordinary prison. It is conducted as far as possible on the usual lines of a County Asylum. The patients rise at six, breakfast about eight, dine at twelve-thirty, take tea at five, and go to bed at eight. Though these are not "quality" hours, they are, at least, healthy ones. The inmates play cricket, billiards, chess, cards, and dominoes, read, smoke, and have an allowance of beer at their dinners. Many are also efficient gardeners, one man having raised a splendid crop of tomatoes, and they have a band of musicians among themselves.

A theatrical element is introduced into the Asylum by the establishment of an entertainment-room which is fitted with a stage and scenery. Here, dramatic performances, concerts, and other entertainments are given frequently during the winter months. The Treasury allows the payment of £2 or £3 for an entertainment of about two hours' duration. Performances, too, are given by local histrions, and some members of the staff who have a touch of the footlight-fever will strut their brief hour for the amusement of the inmates. I am not sure that some of the least affected of the patients themselves do not also take part.

All round the entertainment-room are hung framed paintings in water-colours, the work of a dead and gone inmate. Were I permitted to tell you the name of the artist, I should surprise you. I think I may venture to indicate that he was a man with inherited artistic instincts, and bearing a name honoured in London's coterie of the brush and palette. The act-drop and the proscenium were also painted by the same hand. The subject-matter and designing are good, but the colours were laid on with a remorseless hand, and the effects generally are excessively ornate. A "front-cloth" was painted by another patient, still in the Asylum, and this displays the same prodigality in colours. It represents a rustic scene, with a pond in the foreground, which is painted right on to the stage, so that those appearing in front of it are, in effect, walking in the water.

There are a good many aged inmates at the Asylum, which is explained by the healthy condition of the place and its surroundings,

which keeps patients long in residence. It is generally supposed that, once in Broadmoor, nothing but death can bring release. This is not the case, for every year patients sufficiently recovered are handed over to the care of friends or relations. The latter must give a guarantee to watch carefully over their charges, and report if anything suspicious occurs. It occasionally happens that patients are discharged only to return again to the Asylum, a relapse having supervened. They may be sane enough at Broadmoor, where they have no worries, but directly they are subjected to the stress of the outside world their minds give way.

So far as is possible, the inmates are classified, and the worst cases kept entirely apart. These are mostly what are called the "Convict class"—that is to say, those individuals whose minds have succumbed during their term of incarceration in a prison or at a penal settlement. These are the only inmates who wear a distinctive dress.

When a convict or prisoner becomes insane, he is at once sent to Broadmoor. If he recovers before the expiration of the term of his sentence, he is sent back to prison. If he remains insane at the expiration of his sentence, he is removed to a County Asylum.

Besides gardening, tailoring, boot-making, and upholstery are also carried on. The patient is allowed one-eighth of the gross estimated value of his labour. He does not, however, handle the money, but it is placed to his account, and he makes purchases through the Steward. There is periodically a requisition day, when slips of paper—a kind of order-form—detailing the articles needed by the patients are handed to the Steward, who makes the purchases in the neighbouring village. The papers must, however, bear the signature either of the Medical Officer or of the Superintendent; otherwise they might obtain articles injurious to themselves, which is no reflection on the Steward, whose knowledge in the matter is not supposed to be equal to that of the officers above-mentioned.

I doubt if there is a more pathetic sight than the mental degeneration of a human creature. While passing from one terrace to another, I was made poignantly conscious of this. An old, white-haired, grey-bearded man came running up to me, and, with childish glee, said, "Just look! I've drawn your portrait!" In his extended hand he held a small piece of slate which he had picked up from the ground, and on the surface of which he had either pencilled or scratched what he was pleased to call a portrait of me. It was not a flattering one—in fact, it resembled a leg of mutton more nearly than a human face. It consisted mainly of nose. I do not know if this was in recognition of my life's work of poking that particular organ into other people's business. As we were not enthusiastic about it, he became confused and receded a little, like a young child who has made a too precipitate advance and half repents it.

On the next terrace, another incident happened which was full of interest. A tall, military-looking man, holding in his hand a note-book and several slips of paper, advanced and begged an audience of the Superintendent. The latter excused himself for the time being, on the plea that he had visitors to attend to. The patient persevered, and, pressing one of the slips of paper, on which were written a name and address, into the hand of Mr. Brayn, mumbled, "That's the man who got me into this place," and added something about medals. As he still persisted, in opposition to Mr. Brayn's expressed wishes, a young patient stepped forward and, with great care and gentleness, drew away the importunate one.

Subsequently, Mr. Brayn explained to me that the older man was an ex-soldier, and when he entered the Asylum he had with him several medals. As one or two of these had been lost, it was deemed advisable to take charge of the others. The reference to an individual as answerable for his incarceration was a delusion.

Reversing the courteous order of things, I have taken the males first, because on this occasion they are more interesting than the females. The principal occupations of the latter are sewing and washing; they make very poor gardeners. Speaking generally, they lead quiet, uneventful lives. The various corridors in their part of the establishment are beautifully kept and embellished with floral decorations. The same remarks apply to their rooms, which are small, but in many cases quite elegant. At the sides of all rooms, male and female, are long, narrow windows—mere slits in the wall—which look direct on to the bed, work on hinges, and are locked. By this means, the attendants, who pace the corridors all night, are able to keep a watchful eye on the patients in bed.

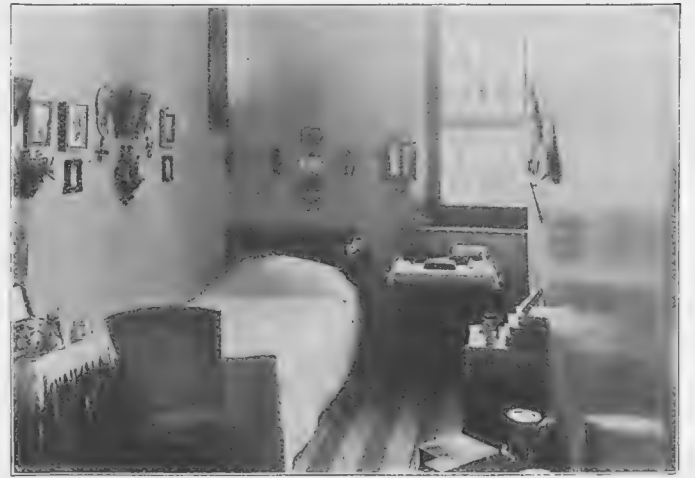
Suicides are rare. Those with such tendencies are specially watched. Not long since, a man made an attempt in a curious manner. He secreted a length of canvas about his waist, climbed a tree, and hanged himself from a branch. Fortunately, he did not obtain much of a drop; luckily, also, an attendant was able to just reach his feet, and held him up, while another attendant climbed the tree and released him.

There are, altogether, one hundred and fifteen attendants at the asylum—eighty-five males and thirty females. Some have been there over thirty years. Leave of absence is granted every eighth day, and there is an annual holiday of ten days. There is a fire-drill among the attendants, who are very expert at it.

I cannot conclude better than by expressing my unbounded admiration of the masterful grip of the entire system which the Superintendent, Mr. Brayn, displays. His tact and readiness of resource are unlimited.



IN THE TAILORS' SHOP.



A ROOM IN THE WOMEN'S WING.



ONE OF THE BILLIARD-ROOMS.



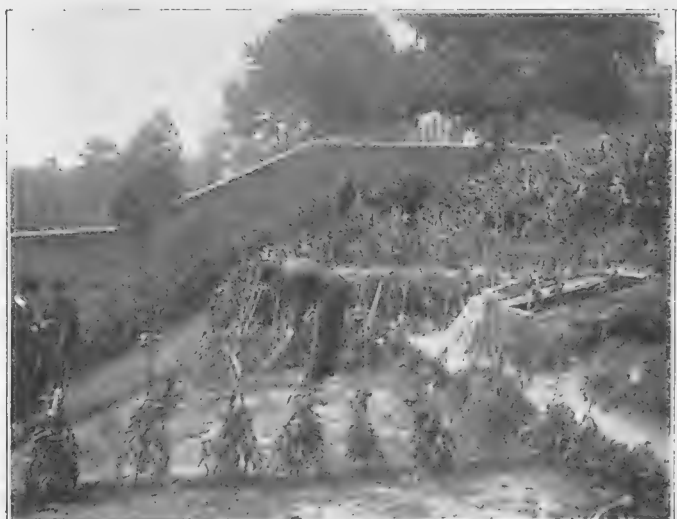
THE CONVICT SECTION: THESE ARE DANGEROUS CASES.



PATIENTS ON THE TERRACE.



IN THE WOMEN'S LAUNDRY.



A PATIENT AND HIS TOMATOES.



THE WOMEN'S HOSPITAL.



MISS FAY DAVIS AS IRIS, AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

THE STORY OF "IRIS" TOLD BY THE CAMERA.



ACT I.—LONDON.

Iris, the wealthy young widow, has two lovers—one rich, one poor—at her feet.



ACT III.—THE VILLA ON LAKE COMO.

Having lost her money, she allows the poor lover to go away alone to earn his living in Canada.



ACT III.—THE VILLA ON LAKE COMO.

Meanwhile, the rich man gives her a thousand pounds and a cheque-book.



ACT V.—A FLAT IN PARK STREET.

Her faithlessness kills the love of the poor man—who has returned with a fortune—and the rich man turns her out of his flat into the street.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Tally Ho!—Fox-Hunting as a National Duty—The Fox's Point of View—Of the Shop, Shoppy—The Only Sport in the World—"The Best Hunter in England" and Others—Horseless Nations—Hunting "Averages"?—Uncommercial Travellers.

WITHIN a week we shall see the last of cub-hunting, which now begins so early as to rival football as a recognised mid-summer sport, and hunting proper opens. The course pointed out to us by Providence is obvious, for the destruction of poultry—within the sphere of influence of Hunts in the Midlands, at least—has been immense this year. Fox-hunting becomes not only a pleasure and a privilege, but a stern duty. Better that one guilty fox should suffer than twenty innocent fowl. This season there is more truth than ever in Whyte-Melville's remark—"After a good day with the hounds, I feel as if I had done a good action." The impressions of the fox on the same point are not known; but compare Mr. Pecksniff, who felt he was doing his duty as a man in eating a good dinner, as he was putting in operation one of the most beautiful forces in Nature.

People who, like myself, are fond of glory without the exertion it generally involves may with advantage imitate Mark Twain in Switzerland, when he had his alpenstock branded with the names of the most inaccessible mountains and found other tourists' respect for him considerably increased. Thus, in hunting, one can trot quietly at the tail of the Hunt all day, and on the way home, in the safety of the dusk, have one's inexpressibles dabbled with a little sheep's blood. One can then assure one's immediate neighbourhood—provided it is distant enough from the scene of the Hunt—that one has outridden Master, huntsman, whippers-in, and all the most desperate riders in a breakneck run, and, being the only one in at the death, had to assume the functions of everybody else, and taken out the brush.

The only drawback to hunting is its tendency to make people talk "shop." Musicians talk shop, so do City men. Medical students talk incessantly of the most horrible diseases. Actors have one subject of conversation—the theatre. Journalists are supposed never to talk shop. They may have excellent reasons for avoiding inquiry into their profession and omitting any allusion to the nature of their operations during their daily work. But the hunting-man is never at home on any topic except what can, may, would, or could be done by himself and his horse, who usually, by a strange coincidence, happens to be "the best hunter in England." For him, the year—all of it that is worth considering—begins in November and ends in April. It is largely he and his sport which arrange the London Season at such a hopelessly irrational period of the year. For him the world is divided into two classes—those who hunt and those who do not.

Probably the Englishman of the upper classes has a greater love of the horse and a greater capacity for managing him than any man in the world, but the proportion of those who really understand the animal would compare unfavourably with that in most other nations. It is the same with the man of the lower classes (though he is, as a rule, insulted if it is hinted that he is not an expert in horseflesh). We know of the Yeomanry only lately who went into action the first day they had ever handled a rifle or been outside of a horse in their lives. There are some of the best living riders in the English Army, yet in a recent year, out of the seven hundred recruits who joined one of the great cavalry dépôts, only one had ever ridden a horse!

To the man who does hunt, however, hunting is "the only sport in the world." He may be right. It encourages the breeding of horses which can go further than six furlongs and carry more than seven stone. It prevents the racer degenerating still more than he has done, for the breeder cannot afford to breed for racing purposes alone. It is something more than a gambling institution to allow the City clerk to give vent to his nobler instincts and indulge in the reckless enjoyment of losing eighteenpence a-week.

It will keep alive the horse—and the best variety of him—when automobilism will have killed him off everywhere else. It embraces all the best pictures of English sport by carefully preserving an animal long enough to let it be killed at considerable risk and expense later on. And it turns out the finest man on earth—the English hunting-man. Again, the horrid "average" system is absent. "M.F.H.'s" do not plod away patiently at foxes—with a view to publishing their "centuries" later on in the newspapers, or the tons in avoirdupois weight of butcher's-meat killed *per diem*—while the idle public looks on sleepily from shilling chairs with a pipe in its mouth.

Hunting-men are not put into training with hard labour at four pounds a-week, like the paid football employé, and made to hunt inside a sixpenny enclosure. If you want to see hunting, you have to hunt yourself. The number of fences jumped are not entered in books of statistics and the foxes calculated out to three places of decimals. Again, hunting is never likely to be invaded by professionalism. Its greatest protection is that it does not pay the hunting-man to follow the hounds, as contrasted with the jockey or the cyclist, who is strictly a "commercial traveller." Hunting will never be monopolised by the smart American professional.

HILL ROWAN.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE report that the dispute between Messrs. Pearson and Mr. Hall Caine has been settled is, I hear, quite unfounded. The case will probably come before the Courts towards the middle of November. Messrs. Lewis and Lewis have acted throughout for Mr. Hall Caine, and eminent counsel have been retained on both sides.

Messrs. Hutchinson have in preparation a magnificent work on the History of the English Parliament, which will be illustrated throughout in the most lavish fashion. The work will probably be published in Paris, similar in style to their very popular "Natural History Series."

Professor William M. Sloane, whose "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte" is certainly one of the standard works on the subject, has completed an important book, entitled "The French Revolution and Religious Reform." Professor Sloane deals with the French Revolution from a point of view of special importance, and the book is likely to occasion much comment, especially at a time when considerable interest has been aroused in the banishment of the French Religious Societies.

Mr. Marion Crawford's new novel, "A Maid of Venice," which Messrs. Macmillan will publish immediately, is a story of the fifteenth century, the romantic episode round which the plot revolves being taken from one of the old Venetian Chronicles. The action and interest centre in the household of a master glass-blower, a member of one of the most powerful Venetian trade organisations.

The literary puff of America is an abiding joy. Here are one or two of the latest specimens culled from recent advertisements—

(1) It appears that the youthful author of "the most remarkable historical novel ever written" (the book in question has been published in England, and, as far as I know, has not met with any extraordinary success) "is the most light-hearted of youthful beings, ages removed from the blue-stocking, even the very modern, carefully disguised, woman-of-the-world blue-stocking of to-day. She goes about by day in a short skirt, with her hair hanging in two thick braids down her back, and in the evening she is just as eager for the dances at the Inn—she lives in the Catskills—as if she had never written a line." We are told that the first thing this remarkable young lady did with the money she received from her book was to buy a pony and cart—a very sensible thing to do, on the whole. But I really think the money might have been employed to better advantage on a longer skirt and some hair-pins.

(2) The Minneapolis Circulating Library refuses to issue "The Quest of the Golden Girl" to any married woman without a written order from her husband, or to any unmarried woman without an order from her parents or guardians. What about the elderly spinster? Or is this another premium on marriage?

(3) In referring to Maeterlinck's "Life of the Bee," we are told that "The Belgian symbolist in his latest work has deserted Shivers for Science." This is too exhausting for comment.

Mr. W. W. Jacobs is a real benefactor. His new book, "Light Freights," is full of laughter. There is fun—real, genuine fun—upon almost every page of the book: I should like to say upon every page, but for some reason, known to himself, I suppose, but unknown, I am certain, to every one of his readers, Mr. Jacobs has included in his light-hearted collection a ghost-story of a distinctly gruesome description. This might be forgiven if it were even a good ghost-story. It isn't, and my copy of "Light Freights" is now minus pages 245 to 258.

"Light Freights" is proof that Mr. Jacobs has not in the least exhausted his vein. Personally, I shall be delighted to read of the adventures of his skippers as long as he likes to write them; but I understand that some superior persons have dealt with the author of "Many Cargoes" "like a father," and warned him of the danger of repeating himself. Well for them Mr. Jacobs has discovered—it is a discovery which comes as another boon and a blessing to men—"The Cauliflower." And there is enough in "The Cauliflower" for several hearty meals—I mean, volumes. But why, oh why, has Mr. Jacobs neglected his parrot? There is no mention of that precious bird in "Light Freights." I trust he is not dead. If he is, he must be Sherlockholmsed.

Mr. W. D. Howells has written a large work on "Heroines of Fiction," which will be published shortly as a companion volume to his "Literary Friends and Acquaintances."

The books for children which form such a substantial part of the autumn trade are beginning to pour in. I should like to recommend very strongly "E. Nesbit's" (Mrs. Bland's) really delightful volume, "The Wouldbegoods." Those who have read "The Treasure Seekers," to which this is a kind of sequel, will be glad to know that that lively collection of rascals is still engaged in every possible and impossible kind of harmless mischief, and those who have never made their acquaintance should not fail to put both books on their list for Christmas.

Mr. Justin McCarthy has almost completed his "History of Queen Anne's Reign," which will, with Mr. McCarthy's other works, complete his survey of history from the beginning of the eighteenth century to the end of the nineteenth. There will be two volumes of the work, uniform with the "History of Our Own Times" o. o.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have submitted interesting photographs and notes for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such Contributors the necessity for ensuring ABSOLUTE ACCURACY in the matters of NAMES and DATES, which should be written in pencil on the back of each portrait and view sent to "The Sketch," 198, Strand, London.

TWO CHRISTMAS-DINNER SCENES FROM "SCROOGE,"
AT THE VAUDEVILLE.



Ebenezer Scrooge
(Mr. Seymour Hicks).

Tiny Tim
(Master George Hersee).

Bob Cratchit
(Mr. Compton Courtts).

Mrs. Cratchit
(Miss Florence Lloyd).

The Ghost of Jacob Marley
(Mr. Holbrook Blinn).

"MR. SCROOGE, THE FOUNDER OF THE FEAST!"



Ebenezer Scrooge.

Fred Wayland
(Mr. Stanley Brett).

Mrs. Fred Wayland
(Miss Hilda Antony).

The Ghost of Jacob Marley.

"HERE'S THE OLD BOY'S HEALTH—UNCLE SCROOGE!"

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



A SNUB BEFORE BREAKFAST.

HE (*quoting*): The early bird, you see, catches the worm.

SHE (*also quoting*): "A stirring dwarf we do allowance give before a sleeping giant."



MISS BERYL FABER AT HOME.

MISS FABER IS NOW PLAYING VERY CLEVERLY AS FANNY SYLVAIN IN "IRIS," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. W. THOMAS, CHEAPSIDE.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A SON OF HIS FATHER.

BY EDWARD NOBLE.



COLONEL SHERARD stood on the dusty platform staring into the red haze. The sun sketched him in blue shadow on the boards, exaggerating his breadth, diminishing his height, fashioning generally a pudding-like effigy none of his friends would recognise. He stood with his field-glasses raised, his eyes fixed on a dim blotch that moved like a snake, very far off, very indefinite, throwing white breath

into the glare of the pitiless sun.

Out there was the desert line to Atbara and Khartoum; the pathway over which men moved into the Soudan to win their spurs, to find "V.C.'s," reputations, and sometimes to be swallowed in its vast maw, or to come back broken.

The Colonel's son had gone up that line. Months ago, he had started, a buoyant, thoughtless subaltern in the regiment that once had called his father Chief, and the old man had gone back to Cairo to wait and watch, to listen for tidings, to scan the lists published by the War Office; but, for months, the 56th was seasoning, learning a new species of goose-step on ground that burned the paltry leather from their feet, under a sun that scorched their flesh through khaki uniforms and in a region where water seemed to be the only thing worth fighting for.

The 56th were seasoned. Somebody on the Headquarters Staff observed the fact that they were fit. He said so in the hearing of the Chief, who moved regiments as men move draughts on a board. Then the 56th passed on, guarding the lines of communication, always straying farther South, nearer that dim Force in the Heart of the Desert that aimed at couching a lance with civilisation.

Cairo learned the news at breakfast-time one morning. The daily papers commented on the item in English and in French and Arabic, but the Colonel's heart thrilled as he spread out "Ordnance Map No. 332, Egypt," and examined the grim distances.

Once he had gone out as "the boy" was going. The same regiment accompanied him; his capacity was the same, a subaltern, raw as they make them. He leaned over the map searching for perils. He smelt the grey dawn as it shivered across the desert, heard the restless calling of the camels, felt the thrill of battle as again he listened to the bugle-clang that called the square to their feet that day, so long sunk in the years, when first he blooded his sword. Now, he was a man of leisure, a man of little influence, shelved by a wiseacre Government to stand and see honours reaped by his son which he himself had no chance to gain.

He gazed at the distances, saw the boundary-lines, the fascinating, unknown land—the White Nile, the Blue Nile, the Atbara, Dongola, Khartoum, a district watered by the blood of his countrymen, dotted with little mounds of sand. Farther still stretched that shadowy Bahr-el-Ghazal, the land untouched as yet by men of his race, but now to be taken in. The boundary-lines stood out in blue, in red; here and away were straggly, dotted tracks, like the footprints of a camel in the sand. His boy would be moving down those tracks. They grew strangely blurred; he watched them meandering South—always South, saw the regiment, heard the shuffle of their feet, the jokes, the songs. Somewhere, presently, he told himself, in the distance, in the haze, the sun, the sand, there would be marching a regiment that was fit, and with them marched his boy.

Colonel Sherard found breakfast something of a superfluity on that morning. He chafed over the delays in a service that at other times had never troubled him, and had several things to say on the subject of non-punctuality; but he said them in a voice that lacked sting, as though in self-defence and in exculpation of the fact that he watched his boy and could not forget his duties.

A fight was imminent. The arm-chair tacticians at the Club decided to a man that we were on the verge of sights, that the slow-moving Chief was about to pounce. They pointed to the lack of information. "Observe," they said; "for a fortnight we have had no news, nothing definite—the Sirdar knows his work."

So the days passed—five, six, ten—then came rumours, and on the heels of them the report of a battle that had been fought. The Colonel stamped about in ecstasy: somewhere out there in the heart of the man-eating Soudan the clash of arms had risen; warriors had rallied and cheered each other; Dervishes had fallen like corn before a machine; the 56th were at "the Front"—the boy would have earned his baptism of fire.

Cairo rippled with more general news of the engagement; dusky Soudanese guards swung up and down with a lilt that was new to the Sons of the Prophet; Arab drivers wore an air of conscious pride; the English gave dinners. "At last," they said, "the Padishah would be able to call the Soudan his own."

There followed, as the price of victory, a list that made the watchers stare. It was bad, but it might have been worse—tenfold, Colonel Sherard acknowledged as he came from a final scrutiny; tenfold worse it might easily have been, and his son's name might have figured there.

He sent a congratulatory wire that day to the Headquarters of the Field Post Office, and sat down to wait. Then, within the week, came a long blue envelope, and the Colonel's hand trembled as he opened it. The thing said, very tersely and courteously, that Lieutenant Basil Sherard was wounded and was on the way down to hospital at the base; it added that the wound was slight, and that his name, by some oversight, had been omitted from the earlier lists—a fact the authorities regretted. Colonel Sherard discovered no further faults in the menu; he took train early the same day and journeyed South to meet his son.

He stood now on the desert platform, staring into the haze and marvelling at the slow progress of the snake. It appeared to lag horribly, as is the fashion with snakes; several times the Colonel could have sworn that the white breath no longer panted to meet that other whiteness—but it came onward, drew steadily nearer, until a rumble crept down the rails and met his ears. Over the way, a group of dhooli-bearers were advancing from the hospital; the Soudanese guard turned out, someone was shouting orders. The snake had taken a new lease of life—at length it seemed to hasten. It scurried presently into the station, with a hiss of steam and clanging brakes, and drew up beside the wooden shed.

Colonel Sherard searched the windows. His son was slightly wounded only; it was possible he would be looking out—possible. He told himself that it was more than possible, yet no face appeared. After a time, a man in the uniform of a Major in the Royal Army Medical Corps alighted, stared up the platform, and came to meet him.

"My name's Holfer," he said. "Captain Forbes, of the 56th, told me to look for you—told me you had wired you would be up—and asked me to make a point of seeing you . . . Colonel Sherard, I believe?"

"My name, sir. How's the boy? . . . Nothing wrong . . . eh?"

Major Holfer glanced across at the carriages and said in an undertone, "Not in that way. . . . Fact is . . . Er . . . doocid awkward business . . . a bit of a fiction, in point of fact. . . . Forbes did it . . . Er . . . to give the chap a chance . . ."

"A chance?" Colonel Sherard drew himself up with all his bristles on end. "A chance, Major?"

"Sorry—doocid awkward business! . . . Afraid there was no other way. -You see, if the Chief had got to hear of it, there wouldn't have been a show . . . he'd be sent down. . . . Forbes says he's fond of the boy. Would do anything to pull him through. Sheer case of funks . . . nerves, I suppose . . . Er . . ."

Colonel Sherard's lips moved; he leaned forward, searching his companion's face. "Where is he?" he questioned. "Let me see him." Then, with a sudden rage, "It seems to me that Captain Forbes allowed his heart to get the better of his judgment . . . Eh, what?"

Major Holfer looked at the grey figure shrinking before him and said very softly, "He is but a lad . . . too young, y' know. Forbes seemed devilish cut up. Wouldn't have done it for any other living soul . . . 'pon honour, he wouldn't . . . Er . . . Told me he knew you . . . remembered you as Chief of the old regiment . . . would go anywhere behind you . . . took to the boy in consequence . . . Er . . . Don't look like that, Colonel. Keep the game up, for the boy's sake."

The Colonel extended his hand, pulling himself together with a strong effort. "Trust me," he said stiffly. "I must keep it up, if not for his sake, for Forbes' and yours," he added, after a short pause. "Suppose you have him trussed, eh? . . . Oh, beautiful! Confounded neat! . . . Well, and how do you propose that I should proceed? I'm not good at this kind of thing, you see."

Major Holfer took no notice. He saw that his companion suffered agonies of humiliation, and cast his eyes about for some means of escape, but none appeared. He turned to explain his position. "You see," he said, "we can't keep him here without the thing getting known. Only way I can suggest is for you to take Forbes' advice. 'Tell him,' he said, 'to take him a trip down the Nile; advise him to get a boat, and put in a month somewhere; talk to the boy, feed him, and send him up again.' . . . Er . . . What do you think, Colonel?"

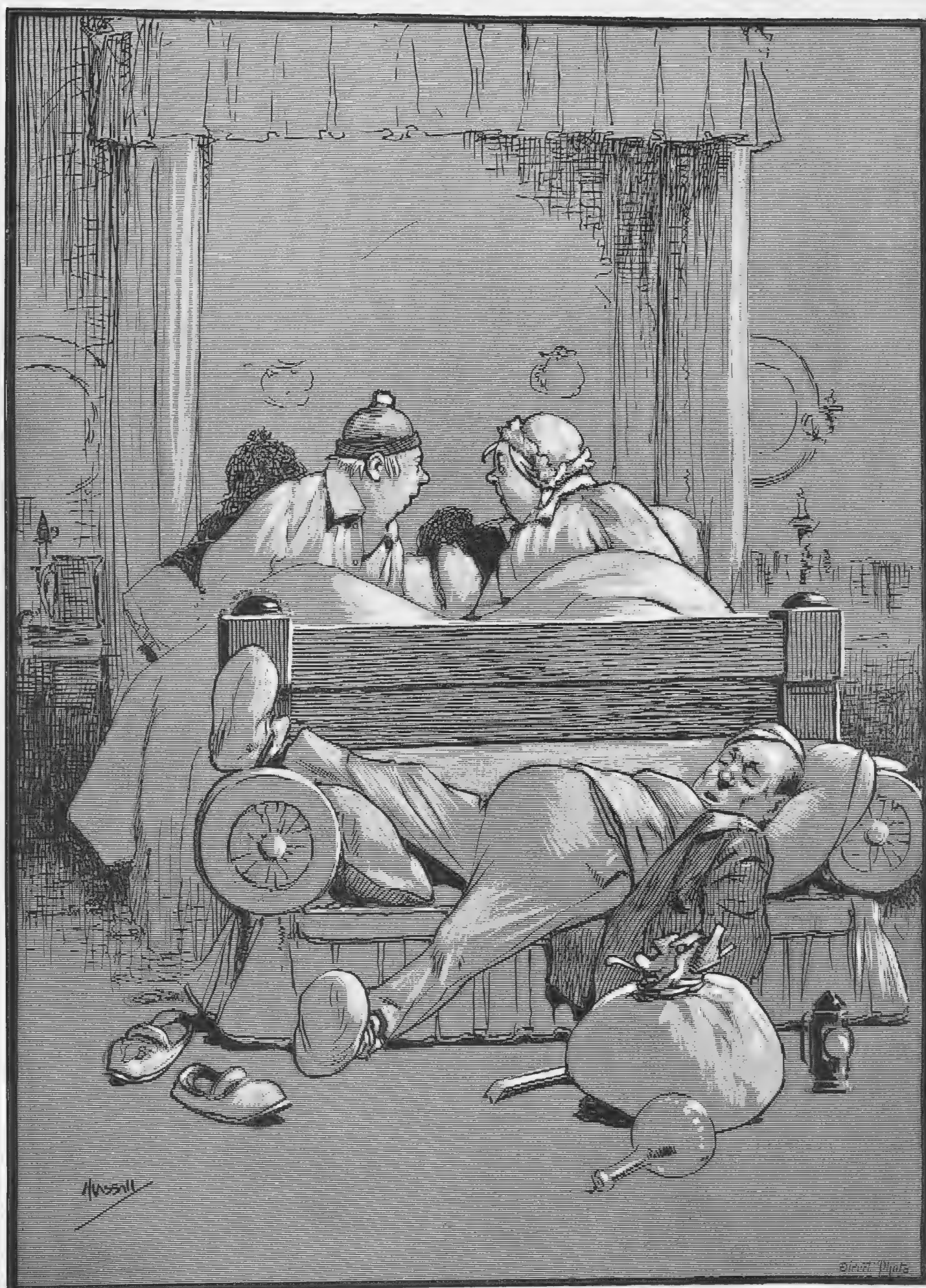
The clatter of dhooli-bearers moving across the platform, carrying wounded men, men sick, men on the verge of death, sounded in their ears, and Colonel Sherard looked up. The scene appealed to him. He had been through it all, knew by experience the weariness of lying by in the hands of the doctors, and the memory brought a tinge of annoyance.

"I must do it," he said. "A trip down the Nile, eh? Comfortable notion. Talk to him—feed him! B'gad! it's a touch of the spur he wanted, sir; and Forbes should have known it."

Major Holfer fidgeted with his belt. "Well—I must leave it to you, Colonel. Forbes did his best. He's a good boy . . . can draw like the Shaitan, too. Er . . . let him down easy . . . That sort wants handling. Pardon? Yes, I will write an order if you decide to follow on. There he is . . ."

Colonel Sherard glanced up and saw his son moving across the platform in charge of an orderly. He walked stiffly, leaning on the man's shoulder, his left arm in a sling. Their eyes met—a swift, pathetic glance from the boy; a keen, resentful stare from the man. The lad's eyes fell; then, in a moment, the Colonel was beside him, his tongue halting abominably at the part he was so unwillingly taking.

"Glad to see me, Basil? . . . Umph! rough on you to get knocked



[Drawn by John Hassall.]

THE SNORING BURGLAR: A BATTERSEA STORY.

"D'ye hear that rumbling noise, Maria?"

"Yes, James. Whatever can it be?"

"Why, the 'Tuppenny Tube'!"

over your first round. We'll pull you through . . . Arranged a bit of a trip down the river. Lovely scenery—fine temples—good air . . . Soon pick you up. Ugh! . . . Orderly, leave him to me. Go and ask Major Holfer if he will be so good as to arrange for some means of getting across to the water. I have a boat over there—dahabeyah—but there are no hansoms hereabouts. Lieutenant Sherard is going with me."

The man saluted and disappeared; then Basil glanced up at his father. "Sorry they've put you to all this bother, Dad," he said. "I could have got sent down without. I was sick enough for anything."

The Colonel watched him with twitching muscles. "Not a word, sir!" he answered. "You're acting a lie! You've drawn Forbes and Holfer into it; now you are compelling me to carry it through."

The pathetic glance died out of the boy's eyes. He stood mute, a trifle sulky, leaning on the old man's arm and picking with his unbandaged hand at the buttons of his tunic.

The Nile rolled slowly seaward. Over the palms, the acacias, and weeping-willows a rosy after-glow stole like a wraith across the sky. The sun had set, and the moon, shining like a dim sickle far in the West, seemed to blush at its new-found power.

A dahabeyah, with her great, wing-like sails still spread to catch the dying breeze, moved softly towards the fringe of trees, shrubs, and waving corn that lay in the lap of the evening. She stole past a lonely "shadoof" (a bucket and pole, for dipping water from the river for irrigation of land), where men worked silently drawing water; swept on still a short distance; then, as the eastern greyness crept down the sky, came to rest at the edge of the land and folded her wings like a tired bird settling for the night.

The crew crept about her decks, hauling ropes to the song of the fellaheen. Their voices rose and fell together in a long-drawn chant that might have been a prayer until the boat was secure; then some lightly clad figures climbed the bamboo spars, made fast the sails, and returned to join other fantastic figures bowing on their knees with their faces turned towards Mecca.

Basil Sherard sat on the cabin-top sketching the group, his hand no longer in a sling. He worked rapidly. Every line told. He was, as Major Holfer had said, an artist to the finger-tips—an artist, too, with a touch of genius; but the Colonel, walking, stern and unbending, to and fro the narrow space beside the tiller, had no eyes for genius: he saw a young and pliant lad wasting his time, remembered that he had acted a lie, had allowed himself to be doctored, fuddled up, and sent to the base, in order that he might hide the fact of his cowardice.

The knowledge stood in the Colonel's brain and burned. He felt that nothing could entirely palliate this offence, that nothing could eradicate the sting of dishonour that had fallen upon him in common with his son. A "V.C." would hardly atone for it. The greatest gallantry of which man is capable, the greatest heroism, would never atone for it. It lived. It would inevitably be handed down, with additions, at the Clubs and the regimental mess. It would be talked of, laughed over, made into a standing joke among the Tommies; and the boy seemed unaware of his position, thought it a "pity" so much "fuss" had been made when a simple act would have sufficed. Evidently he loathed the Army, despised it as a means of gaining reputation; preferred, in fact, to sit on his haunches and sketch niggers saying their prayers—it was unspeakable!

Colonel Sherard moved wrathfully up and down the deck. A fortnight ago they had started on their trip—the trip fashioned by irresponsible persons to hide a lie and to give the boy the chance for which they prayed. Within the week the Colonel had seen the bandages discarded, in order that his son might more readily hold his sketch-book, and had been compelled to prevaricate to the sympathetic dragoman lest the matter should become known by the crew; now, as he cast his eyes up and saw the boy still engrossed with his work, still outwardly unashamed, impenitent, the annoyance he had hitherto kept in check crowded for utterance. He looked up the steps and called harshly, "Put it aside! I wish to speak to you."

The boy waved his hand with an imploring gesture. "One minute!" he begged. "I've just got the turn of that chap's head—if I move I shall lose it."

"Basil!"

The boy started and looked up. Then he closed his book and joined his father. "I beg your pardon," he said; "I was thinking of something else . . . I scarcely understood."

Colonel Sherard choked. He desired, above all things, to be able to take this lad into his confidence, to be able to treat him as a man can treat an equal; but he was conscious of something lying behind the stern, repellent manner he had adopted since they had met, and dreaded giving way to any "weakness" when, by all the canons of logic, a "touch of the spur" was the medicine demanded. He met his son's halting apology with his court-martial bearing, and braced himself to the task. "I think, sir," he said, "that it is time we came to some understanding—that you began to see your degradation in its true light. The position is untenable."

If he had been addressing a prisoner and ordering him to suffer military degradation, to be stripped of his rank and banished the Army, his voice could not have found a sterner note, nor could the harsh demeanour have been more apparent. The boy took up the gage very quickly. He said, in his impetuous fashion—

"I don't see what there is to make such a rumpus about . . ."

"Rumpus, sir . . . rumpus?" the Colonel exploded.

"Well—what else can you call it? I thought I was wounded—I went through the agony of it, and the fellows picked me up and carried

me out of range. Something knocked me over. I don't know how it came about . . . and I don't much care. I hate the Army—it's a sickly business . . ."

"Silence, sir! Remember your position—the name you bear, and have some respect for me."

The boy lifted his shoulders, half turning away. "What is the use?" he questioned flippantly. "You don't seem to care much what happens to a fellow. I'm fond of art, and I don't see any fun, or bravery either, if it comes to that, in standing up to be potted by a chap you can't even see. I don't know," he added, with a tinge of anger, "that you would in these days of nine-mile trajectories . . ."

"Basil!"

"No, sir! It's no use doing the tragic business. I'm not a child, and will not be spoken to in that way. It's more than a man can stand . . . if you can't speak . . ."

He got no farther. The old man's cholera mastered him, and he made a swift slash at the tanned cheek, and again the order fell—"Silence, sir!"

It was an open-handed slap, such as one would administer to a recalcitrant lad—yet the boy reeled backwards, sought to recover his balance, stumbled, and fell headlong into the river. The *dénouement* was so sudden, so unlooked-for, so absurd, that for a moment Colonel Sherard stood like a man who fails to grasp what is happening; then he shouted for the crew, threw off his coat, and searched the rapidly darkening waters.

For perhaps half a minute he remained thus, waiting, staring at the eddies; then, as no sign appeared, he mounted the rail and prepared to dive. He shouted to the dragoman, who rushed from forward, that the boy had fallen overboard, and bade him summon help.

The man replied in fierce agitation as he ran, "Sare! no makee long jump . . . gardeze ze mud . . . ze mud of ze Nile . . . heem bad . . . bad! . . ." He continued to vociferate information, advice, prayerful entreaty, long after the Colonel had disappeared. The Colonel would drown . . . the Colonel who should have been a General would never rise from the mud. . . . Allah knew that he, a poor man of the poorest, would be defrauded of his hire. He turned wrathfully on the gibbering crew and ordered them to fetch poles.

They leaned over, stirring the bottom, staring into the depths, marking the bubbles ascending in a long, spiral column—bubbles that broke and left small eddies on the face of the river.

They prodded the slime, chattering together like a group of monkeys; but the boy did not rise, and the Colonel, apparently, still sought him. They looked up. A light breeze shivered through the trees; it swept up from the distant desert, and, falling on the boy's sketch-book, played with the leaves.

MR. JONES HEWSON.

Mr. Jones Hewson, whose deeply regretted state of health has compelled him to leave the stage awhile in order to travel abroad, has for many years done such excellent work at the Savoy that he will be sorely missed. In the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, as in the last two written by Captain Basil Hood, Mr. Jones Hewson's fine voice and magnificent

presence have been of considerable value. It was only a few months ago that, on the production of "The Emerald Isle," at the Savoy, this actor-vocalist's fine impersonation of the "poker-back" Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland was heartily welcomed by the Press as his best impersonation up till then. And now, alas! owing to a severe attack of phthisis, this excellent artist, stricken down while still young, must leave the stage he loves and the comrades among whom he has ever been so justly esteemed. These comrades—old Savoyards mostly—are arranging a benefit-matinée at the Savoy for a fund towards the heavy expenses which Mr. Jones Hewson's sea-voyage and long absence from work will necessitate. Messrs. Greet and Engelbach, the Savoy's new lessees and directors, have kindly lent the theatre, and donations to the good cause have already been sent by



MR. JONES HEWSON,
A SAVOY FAVOURITE WHO IS OUT OF THE BILL
THROUGH ILLNESS, AND FOR WHOM A BENEFIT IS
BEING ORGANISED
Photo by Siedle Bros., Swansea

Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry (just before they embarked), Captain Basil Hood, and Mrs. D'Oyly Carte, all ever-ready to help in any benevolent scheme. *Sketch* readers, among whom must be such a large number of admirers of the stricken artist, will find seats on sale at the Savoy, and—unlike seats for such occasions—all at the usual prices.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

ONE is not surprised to find that, even in the very opening of "The Last of the Dandies," Mr. Tree has spent every care—to say nothing of cash—to make Count D'Orsay's rooms in every way worthy of that consummate beau, which character is, of course, enacted by Mr. Tree himself. Not only has that most artistic of costume-designers, Mr. Percy Anderson, even in this early Act, done



MISS MADGE GIRDLESTONE, WHO HAS MADE A SUCCESS AS KATE CAGNEY IN "THE GREAT MILLIONAIRE," AT DRURY LANE.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

wonders in the way of reproducing the dandies and the dandiesses of the early Victorian era, but Mr. Tree has, I find, arranged for several of D'Orsay's own goods and chattels to be used in the mimic scene. Among these will be observed

D'ORSAY'S VERY OWN DRESSING-CASE,

a most wonderful array of every possible article that even such a beau as he could want or could think he wanted, with all the jars, pots, &c., set in precious metals. Moreover, Mr. Tree's new stage-manager, Mr. Francis Neilson, so long Mr. Charles Frohman's stage-manager at the Duke of York's, and latterly the skilful "producer" of the huge Covent Garden operas, has been able not only to secure for Mr. Tree exact replicas of all D'Orsay's principal hats from D'Orsay's own West-End hatters, but also to borrow

LADY BLESSINGTON'S OWN CURLING-TONGS

from her Ladyship's very own coiffeur, now almost a nonagenarian, yet still full of reminiscence and anecdote concerning the D'Orsay period. Mr. Tree's "thoroughness" with regard to the production of this play is further proved by the fact that, directly he heard of the discovery of Lady Blessington's coiffeur, he at once arranged for the representative of her Ladyship's hairdresser—namely, Mr. De Lange—to take a few lessons from the aforesaid ancient coiffeur.

Again there has cropped up the rumour that Sir Henry Irving is to have a play written wherein he will play

THE DIVINE DANTE.

Almost ever since our leading Actor-Manager started at the Lyceum, thirty years ago, there has been talk of a "Dante" play for him. At first, the author was to be the late W. G. Wills; then it was Mr. Alfred C. Calmour (who was so long poor Wills's Secretary); and now it is Sardou.

Sir Henry, who was to open at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, last Monday (the 21st inst.), has settled to revive Tennyson's "Becket," as well as Wills's "Faust," on his return to England. Thus we shall again see him as a divine and the Devil. Sir Henry is

accompanied by his faithful and skilful helpers, Mr. Bram Stoker (Business-Manager), H. J. Loveday (Stage-Manager), and Charles E. Hewson (Treasurer). One who was among his best helpers in all his biggest productions for fourteen years both in England and America stays behind this time. This is M. Espinosa, who, in addition to being perhaps the greatest living authority on the dancing of all nations (for he has travelled amongst all nations), is a perfect

HUMAN LIBRARY

of archæology. No matter what the "period" Sir Henry had in hand, and he has had a good many, you would always find him first consulting M. Espinosa. This eminent stage-tutor and producer, who is the father of those splendid young dancers, Leon, Judith, and Lea Espinosa, stays in England this time for English engagements only.

MISS MADGE GIRDLESTONE.

It is not often that a comparatively new actress, such as Miss Madge Girdlestone, hitherto principally engaged in a few touring plays, and mostly light plays at that, is able to step upon the historic boards of Old Drury and make a speedy success thereon. Yet this is what Miss Girdlestone did on the first-night of Mr. Arthur Collins's latest vast production, "The Great Millionaire," by Mr. Cecil Raleigh. This handsome and majestic young lady's success is all the more to her credit when one remembers that, in the difficult character of the haughty and impetuous young adventuress who so cunningly conspires with the Great Millionaire's revengeful secretary, she has had to follow the Druriolancan footsteps of such well-graced and experienced players as Mrs. Cecil Raleigh, poor Sophie Eyre, and certain other favourite and powerful actresses of the now immensely popular modern form of melodrama started on this classic stage by the late Sir Augustus Harris. When Miss Girdlestone has softened down a slight jerkiness, or uncertainty of manner, inevitable in one so young, she will be a great acquisition to the West-End stage.

MISS FANNY DANGO.

Miss Fanny Dango had scored as an actress, and especially as a dancer, some time before she became one of Mr. Tom B. Davis's clever Lyric group of lady players enacting sundry important parts in the long-running "Florodora" and its healthy-looking and already one-hundred-night-old successor, "The Silver Slipper." When once Miss Dango joined the Lyric's batch of histrions, the Management, ever possessing a shrewd eye for earnestness and ability, as well as for charm of manner, placed that smart and lively lady into sundry characters that, in the absence of the original exponents, called for "braininess" as well as beauty. Hence, Miss Fanny Dango—who, being so skilful a Terpsichorean, might well be called "Fan-Dango" for short—has given considerable proof of her skill, both as dancer and histrion.



MISS FANNY DANGO, WHO PLAYS MILLICENT WARD IN "THE SILVER SLIPPER," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

In the character of Millicent Ward in Owen Hall and Leslie Stuart's latest Lyric success, and also in certain other rôles of greater importance which she has "understudied," Miss Dango has increased her popularity.

SIR WALTER PARRATT.

Sir Walter Parratt, who is justly regarded as one of the most gifted of native musicians, was born at Huddersfield in 1841. His father was for



SIR W. PARRATT, MASTER OF THE KING'S MUSIC IN ORDINARY TO HIS MAJESTY.

Photo by Russell and Sons, Windsor.

fifty-one years Organist of Huddersfield, and was the first instructor of his gifted son, who displayed extraordinary talent for music at a very early age. When ten years old, he played by heart the whole of Bach's Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues, a feat without precedent. Sir Walter Parratt holds the appointment of Chief Organist at the Royal College of Music, and he is Organist of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, having been appointed to that post in 1882. He is also the Court Music Director, and in every department of the art Sir Walter Parratt stands in the front rank.

The title of Mr. H. V. Esmond's new play, which Mr. Lewis Waller is to produce at the Duke of York's Theatre next Saturday night, has been changed, as *The Sketch* predicted it would be. It is now called

"THE SENTIMENTALIST."

I should not be surprised to find this name abandoned also, not only because it is not a good name, but because it has, I think, been used before.

Talking of play-titles, another strange one has just cropped up in connection with a new American piece which may presently be expected in London. The title in question is—

"HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE IN A CRAZY ASYLUM?"

After this, such American play-titles as "Miss Prinnt," "Are You a Buffalo?" and "Are You an Eagle?" sink into the merest insignificance.

Yet another American play to arrive on these shores with a view to prompt production is

"LILI, THE SAVOY GIRL."

The book and the music are by Mr. Arthur Weld, and the lyrics by Mr. R. B. Smith. The piece is the property of Miss Louise Beaudet, who has played all sorts of widely contrasted characters in England, America, and France. In the last-named country, Miss Beaudet played, in her youth, child-parts to Madame Sarah Bernhardt.

With the foregoing American musical play, which was "copyrighted" at Richmond a day or two ago, Miss Beaudet also copyrighted a one-Act romantic play, entitled

"LOLA MONTEZ."

This piece has been written around a strong self-sacrifice incident in the chequered life of that late daring semi-royal "adventuress," and the authors are Messrs. Searle Dawley and Chance Newton.

MISS ETHEL WARWICK

began her theatrical career by studying with Henry Neville, under whose tuition she was for some twelve months, playing in "The Two Orphans" and several comedies under his management for special weeks at the suburban theatres. Then she came to Her Majesty's as a permanent member of Mr. Tree's Company, playing small parts and understudying principal ones, amongst others Viola in "Twelfth Night." She went on Mr. Tree's suburban tour last summer, playing in almost every piece some nice little part. Then came the offer from Mr. Fred Mouillot to play on tour Muriel Eden in "The Gay Lord Quex," which she accepted and has made a distinct success. It is of her in this character that *The Sketch* presents a photo. Being under engagement to Mr. Mouillot, she was obliged to refuse an offer to open in "Are You a Mason?" from Mr. Charles Frohman. Not a bad record for under two years!

The new American actress, Mdlle. Corinne, will make her first appearance in London next Monday, at the Kennington Theatre, in "Carmita," a new musical play written by Mr. Arthur Shirley, with lyrics by that excellent lyricist, Mr. Walter Parke.

I regret to have to announce the death of my old friend, Mr. Michael Gunn. This widely honoured theatrical manager, who was

THE UNCLE OF MR. GEORGE EDWARDES,

was principally known by name as director of certain Dublin places of amusement. But he was always largely concerned with the late Mr. D'Oyly Carte, from the starting of the wonderful Gilbert and Sullivan "boom," to say nothing of other London theatrical enterprises. Mr. Gunn, who was one of the gentlest and most genial of men, was the husband of the long-celebrated Dublin prima-donna, Miss Bessie Sudlow.

THE MISS JANE MAY

whose portrait is here presented to *Sketch* readers is not, of course, the Jane May whose delightful impersonation in that fine dumb-drama, "L'Enfant Prodigue," will ever linger in the memory of all who saw it. No, the "pretty Jane" here "pictured" (as they would say in her own great country) is the sister of that enormously popular other Belle Américaine, sweet Edna May. Miss Jane, who bears a striking resemblance to sister Edna, has often, at the Shaftesbury, the Duke of York's, the Lyric, and lately at the Apollo, played so carefully and well,



MISS JANE MAY (SISTER OF EDNA MAY), WHO APPEARS AS MARIE IN "KITTY GREY," AT THE APOLLO THEATRE.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

sometimes in comparatively small parts and sometimes in more important characters which she has understudied, that there is good reason to predict that she may, in due course, attain to the eminence of Edna.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Stolen Bicycles and Innkeepers' Liability—On Dismembering the Bicycle—Side-Slip and How to Avoid It—The Rule of the Road—Manchester's Peculiar Position—Algeria for Winter Holidays.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Oct. 23, 5.49; Thursday, 5.47; Friday, 5.45; Saturday, 5.43; Sunday, 5.41; Monday, 5.39; Tuesday, 5.37.

The recent decision of a Metropolitan Magistrate as to the liability of innkeepers in respect of the care of their clients' bicycles will tend to accentuate the popular feeling that law and justice do not run in double-harness. Two gentlemen arrived at a hotel, delivered up their machines to an accredited servant of the hotel, paid a charge for their custody, and had them stolen. Yet the proprietor of the hotel obtains a verdict absolving him of all responsibility. Every decent hotel in the kingdom is beplastered with a legend to the effect that the landlord will not be responsible for goods stolen unless they have been given into his custody. Act of Parliament makes him liable then, yet in the case under notice we are confronted with the fact that the bicycles were delivered into the landlord's charge and actually a sum of money was paid for the privilege of so doing.

The worst of the matter is that this case may be cited as a "precedent." Befogging barristers occasionally relieve the monotony of the County Court by humorous references to "precedent." If precedent were wanted for the decision of the above case, it was undeniably established and widely published some seven years ago. A member of the Catford Cycling Club, after giving his cycle into the charge of a hotel-servant, had the machine stolen, sued the hotel-keeper for its value, and obtained a verdict with costs. Surely the Southwark case would afford scope for the energies of the National Cyclists' Union, which, we are told, exists for the protection of "The Man on the Wheel."

May I be allowed to offer a word of advice to cyclists? It is very simple, and, at the same time, will save the wheelman a lot of trouble. That is, never to interfere with the working portions of one's machine. Like the boy who breaks his drum to elucidate the mystery of its sound, some cyclists are never happy unless they are taking their machines to pieces—"just to see how it works"! We are not all mechanics, and, I suppose, few of us know that the modern bicycle is made up of more than thirteen hundred pieces of hardware. Yet the merest novice will cheerfully dissect the bicycle and readjust it according to preconceived ideas as to how things ought to be. He would not venture to tamper with his watch, believing the watch-maker superior in genius to himself, and, really, the same should apply to the cycle. Many cyclists do their machines great injury by tinkering in matters of which they know nothing.

That the rule of the road is a paradox quite was amply shown the other day in the good City of Manchester. It appears that the said good

City knows no rule of the road and that the cyclist has as much right to wheel to the right as to the left. The joke of the matter is that for many years cyclists have been fined for riding on the so-called wrong side of the road, whereas the City laws exempt cycles from the rules and regulations which control vehicular traffic. In other words, in Manchester the bicycle is not a carriage, but can be wheeled on any part or in any direction of its roads with the liberty of the nursemaid's perambulator or the small boy's hoop. The energetic policemen of the Cotton City hardly know what to make of this discovery, and the local Bench frankly acknowledges its perplexity. It would be interesting to know what are the thoughts of those unlucky wights who in the past have been fined for doing no wrong!

One of the greatest dangers in cycling is "side-slip." On the introduction of the pneumatic tyre, skidding, or "side-slip," first became pronounced as a danger.

Since then, tyre-makers have endeavoured to minimise the risk by moulding the outer covers of their products in such a manner that the tread will "bite," no matter how greasy the road may be. The real cause of "side-slip" is bad riding. A greasy road has no terrors for the rider who has perfect mastery of the cycle. The art of successfully negotiating bad patches of grease lies in direct, sure, and delicate steering, perfect and steady pedalling, and no movement of the body above the hips. If cyclists would learn how to avoid the much-dreaded skidding of the back-wheel, let them practise keeping the body, from the waist upwards, perfectly still, and always keep the machine in an upright position when riding through grease.

I am obliged to a correspondent for a very interesting account of a cycle tour recently undertaken in Algeria. The Algerian season is now coming on, and those cyclists who have not had the opportunity of a tour during the past riding year, and have now the leisure, may do worse than look towards the French North African Colony as a *venue* for their holiday. What seems to have struck my correspondent most is the remarkable cheapness of everything, a phase of Algerian hotel-life which Mrs. Bullock-Workman, who was one of the first cyclists

to wheel in the country, has remarked upon. The route taken was from Oran through Orleansville, Medea, Setif, Constantine, and Guelma, to Tunis, passing through a wonderfully interesting and most picturesque mountain-country.

Thanks to the energetic efforts of the French Government, the main roads of Algeria are magnificent, while the hotels *en route*, although not quite so luxurious as those of Europe, are comfortable, clean, and of moderate tariff.

Everywhere there are evidences of an endeavour to encourage the tourist, but, of course, the rather long sea-journey from Marseilles is something of a deterrent. Nevertheless, to those for whom time and distance are no great considerations, Algeria seems to offer many attractions for breaking new ground on the wheel.

R. L. J.



MISS HAIDÉE WRIGHT, WHO HAS BEEN GIVING AN ADMIRABLE PERFORMANCE OF THE BOY PEDRO THROUGHOUT THE RUN OF "A ROYAL RIVAL," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The Cesarewitch. We expect a little rain during the "Second October" week at Newmarket, but few of us were prepared for the deluge that took place on the morning of the Cesarewitch day. It told volumes for the sport to find such a big crowd at the Rowley Mile Stands, and it is evident that racing-men are not fair-weather sportsmen. The speculation on the Cesarewitch was of the tinnest, and the field, with one or two exceptions, was very poor in calibre. It is, seemingly, impossible for John Porter to win a big handicap. Mannlicher looked well, and he was the best-backed horse on the day, but he ran his race in snatches and could only finish fifth. The victory of Balsarroch was a popular one, as the owner, Mr. Houldsworth, is one of the ornaments of the Turf. He races purely for the sport. James Ryan is an old hand, but he retains the power to train good stayers. M. Aylin, who rode the winner, is an apprentice in Blackwell's stable. Many of us thought Gomez ought to have won the race on Black Sand, who finished a good second and going very strong. Rambling Katie, by getting third, won the place-money for Mr. A. M. Singer.

The Cambridgeshire. Now that the long race has been decided, it is necessary to turn our attention to the Cambridgeshire, which will be the event of the year. From what I could gather of the situation at Newmarket, I think Osboch, The Solicitor, Revenue, and Spectrum will be the leading lot at the finish of the race next week. As long ago as Two Thousand week, I think I told my readers how I watched that race out on the course in the company of Mr. Taylor-Sharpe, Mr. Tom Lawley, the old racing official, and Ben Loates, the jockey. When Osboch finished third, Mr. Taylor-Sharpe let his excitement go, for the colt was one of his breeding, and he then ventured the opinion that Osboch was a good one. I should like to see the colt win the Cambridgeshire, but I do not think he will beat The Solicitor, and I shall take Revenue with his penalty and Spectrum to vanquish the pair. Revenue is one of the nicest three-year-olds that I have seen this year, and he has only to be well ridden to carry the spoils back to Beekhampton, and Darling's stable is humming just now.

Delays. The Stewards of the Jockey Club should take extreme measures to prevent the unnecessary delays which often take place on the course. We were told that with the introduction of the starting-gate all races would be run to time, but things have gone from bad to worse, until it is no uncommon thing for a race to be started three-quarters of an hour after the advertised time. Of course, many of the breaks-away are purely accidental, but I am told that some of them take place entirely in the interests of backers who want time to work their commissions, while some are occasioned with the object of wearing-out the favourites if they

chance to be unreliable animals. Anyway, the starting-gate should be used for all races. It would be as fair for one as the other, which could not be said of the flag system. I should add here that Mr. Coventry is a model starter. His one desire is to get all off on equal terms, but they are not all Coventrys, and some of the wielders of the red flag exercise neither patience nor discretion. Further, they have little or no control over the jockeys, and the result is disastrous to followers of public form. In another year or two, we shall all be laughing at the very idea of having races started by flag only.



LORD ROSEBERY'S MODEL DAIRY AT MENTMORE: NOTE THE OVERHANGING ROOF WHICH PROTECTS IT FROM THE SUN.

Expenses. I have for years agitated to get the expenses of racing cut down, and I am hoping that it will be possible to run horses at half the cost paid at the present time. It is hardly possible to expect trainers to take in horses at less than two pounds per week, but they should not charge a halfpenny more, and the system of tips to trainers, jockeys, and stable-lads should be forthwith abolished. I never gave a jockey a present for winning, and should not think of doing so, while those owners who put "gentlemen" riders on "ponies" and hundreds to nothing as presents are creating an unhealthy precedent. I am told that some of the gentlemen riders are very cool unless they receive at least fifty pounds for riding a winner. This is not fair to the professional jockeys and should not be allowed. Amateur riders are supposed to ride for the honour of the thing and not for empty gain. Of course, there are pure amateurs; there are also poor ones who eke out a miserable pittance by earning money in the saddle.

CAPTAIN COE.

BRITISH DAIRY FARMERS' ASSOCIATION.

The Twenty-sixth Annual Dairy Show of the British Dairy Farmers' Association, held at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, was a conspicuous success, and that "merrie" quarter of town was thronged with visitors from the provinces come to see the Show and "Lunnon" at the same time. We all know that Lord Rosebery can "plough a furrow," alone or otherwise, as well as any man; but most of us were not aware that he is a champion butter-maker. Indeed, his Lordship carried off all the principal prizes for that toothsome article—"perfectly free of salt," too. I give herewith a picture of his model dairy at Mentmore Towers, Bucks, where the prize butter was made. This was built by the late Lady Rosebery before her marriage. In this connection, I may mention that Lord Rothschild took all three prizes in Class I. for pedigree shorthorns, and, in addition, the first prize for shorthorn heifers. But pedigree cows are not always the best milk-producers; indeed, quite the reverse. "Tuddies Queen," a Jersey, took the first prize in the milking trials, and also the Champion Cup given by the Lord Mayor and Corporation. Her owner is Captain J. W. Smith-Neill, of Wendover, Bucks. Lord Rayleigh's shorthorn "Trefoil" carried off first prize for butter made from milk given by her while on show. The Jerseys were the most numerous of all the classes, and in this department Sir Edward Lawson beat all comers.



LONDON DAIRY SHOW: CAPTAIN SMITH-NEILL'S "TUDDIES QUEEN," FIRST PRIZE IN MILKING TRIALS AND CHAMPION CUP.



LONDON DAIRY SHOW: LORD RAYLEIGH'S "TREFOIL," WINNER OF FIRST PRIZE FOR BUTTER MADE AT THE SHOW.

From Photographs by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

I FIND, on reluctantly returning to this twilight town of drabs and greys, two pre-eminent ideas presented for the expensive consideration of fashionable women. They permeate the best shops, they are introduced by the first-rate dressmakers, they are bought, and, I suppose, will be paid for, by everyone who can and many who shouldn't, and are, in a word, velvet gowns and ermine accessories—the one for indoor, the second for *plein-air* occasions. Visiting- and reception-gowns of the former, of the first elegance and the last extravagance, are in the winter trousseau of all the best-dressed. They certainly look their price, these gowns, and are infinitely becoming to boot; while of ermine it may be summed up that no fur, excepting sable, can match its suitability to all but the most hopeless complexions, while the endless variety of shapes into which it is made up this season add inexpressibly to its native attractions. White velvet trimmed with this beautiful fur looks really regal. I went to a country wedding the other day, and found the bride in white velvet with old point-lace and fringes of ermine tails on the bodice and skirt, while the bridesmaids wore white cloth with narrow bands of ermine.

The slight mourning for a brother who had recently died at "the Front" was thus most picturesquely expressed. There was a time, indeed, when the slightest hint of black was considered unlucky at weddings; but we seem to have outgrown all our old wives' tales, with



A NEAT COSTUME AND SMART RUFFLE.

[Copyright.]

other vanished memories of the past, and are up-to-date or nothing nowadays. In connection with the word, I am reminded that the *Onlooker*—most on the spot of periodicals—enters on its second year of sublunary existence this week. That it may count many anniversaries is the hope of all its readers, for a brighter, more amusing paper does not

live. The masses are plentifully catered for with the especial literary nourishment which they affect, and have not the great middle classes "largest circulations" done in sensational English for suburban breakfast-tables? But, until the *Onlooker* came, Mayfair had hardly



[Copyright.]

MISS WARD'S DRESS WHICH TOOK THE FIRST PRIZE AT COVENT GARDEN.

any special sustenance of its very own, and that such a palatable and wholesome *plat* as the *Onlooker* affords may be long forthcoming, we all, I am sure, heartily hope.

Coming down to merely material banquets, I find my patriotic instincts pressed into the service of an excellent preparation called "Provost Oats," which I daily tasted at breakfast when lately North of the Tweed, and which the porridge-loving public should distinctly take to its heart and saucer. Here is one thing which "they do not do better in America." Robinsons, of Annan, N.B., are the makers thereof, and one may go farther, but one certainly cannot fare better than in the purchase of "Provost Oats," while the "Provost Rolled Barley," "Bluebell Flaked Tapioca," and "Bluebell Flaked Rice," also delicious preparations of the same enterprising makers, should be familiar to every household, whether beyond the Tweed or below it. American oats, in comparison with these genuine Scotch products, are simply "not in it." Any grocer supplies them.

Taking Time by his much-pulled forelock, I see that Messrs. Hill and Son are preparing puddings for Christmas already, and very excellent they are. I have been surprised into ordering several after having tasted one, which amounts to a panegyric on their excellence, as sweets are dead against my ordinary rule of existence. All Hill's preparations, one has the comfort of knowing beforehand, are prepared from the best materials only, which, no doubt, accounts for the fact that their cakes and sweetmeats last so well and are always palatable.

It seems a pity that the papers should publish and people read the horrors that have appeared during the last week. If there is a lesson to be drawn from such blasphemous and bestial details, it is that parents of every class should endeavour to educate their children in the religious beliefs that Board Schools so mistakenly omit. If this were done, boys and girls would have a sheet-anchor which those abroad on the high, wild seas of conjecture never know of. It is a terrible thought that over half-a-million of our working-classes are being educated in Board Schools without any religious training, which, needless to add, they cannot get from tired, overworked parents at home. The evil of this system increases with every generation, and we shall soon have a lower-class devoid of all religious beliefs, and ready for the very anarchism and crime which our ostrich-like legislators at once decry yet foster.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. G. (Fairlawn).—I am sorry your question has remained unanswered until this week. You can, I fancy, get the boned bodice-lining from Peter Robinson or any good general drapers. I have not used them, but hear them praised.

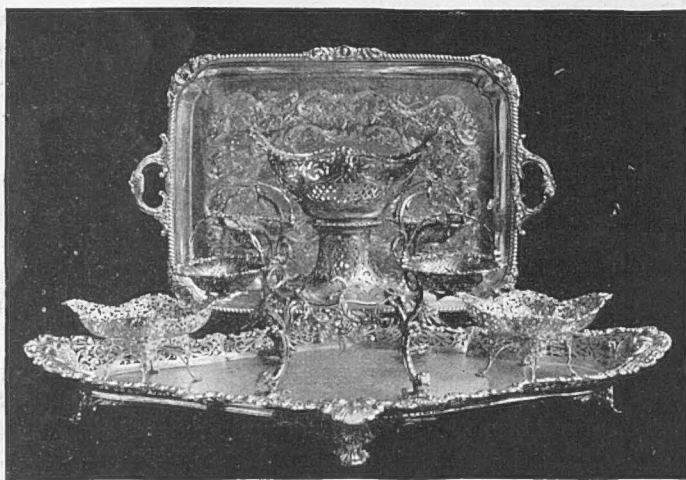
CONSTANT GERMAN READER.—For your Cairo outfit you will be safe in taking the clothes you would wear in our English summer: smart, light-textured gowns, with, of course, supplementary wraps for occasional chilly evenings. You will find black too hot; besides, it shows dust, which cool greys do not, and they can be equally well worn for mourning by slight additions of black here and there. If, as you say, you are going to travel about, you should include Palmer's patent lamp-candles in your outfit. They neither smoke, smell, nor waste, and are invaluable for cycle, carriage, reading, or any other spring-lamp. No traveller should be without them. If you cannot get them in Germany, Palmer's, 43, Holborn Viaduct, will post you a supply. The system on which they are manufactured is a special patent, and prevents all guttering and waste.

ELISE (Neufchâtel).—I hardly think it would be worth starting an enterprise like that you mention in London. You would have so many rivals who, with their superior experience, would inevitably outdistance you. Want of a connection here as well as ignorance of the language would handicap you very heavily also.

F. L. (Salop).—I have seen cabochon emeralds at the Parisian Diamond Company's in Regent Street, No. 143, which are perfect in colour and shape, and I should certainly advise you to replace those you have lost with these stones instead of going to the great expense of ordering real emeralds, which will look no whit better—particularly *en cabochon*.
SYBIL.

A MAGNIFICENT SILVER DINNER-SERVICE.

Sir Edward Wittenoom, the retiring Agent-General for Western Australia, was presented with a magnificent solid silver dinner-and-dessert service by his numerous friends and admirers in the City a few days ago. The presentation was made by the Lord Mayor, and was of



SILVER SERVICE OF PLATE PRESENTED TO SIR EDWARD WITTENOOM, THE RETIRING AGENT-GENERAL FOR WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

a unique and magnificent character, consisting of no less than one hundred articles of solid silver—a complete dinner-and-dessert service for eighteen persons. It contains over five thousand ounces of silver. The accompanying photograph shows one or two of the principal pieces, including the dessert-service and a tea-tray. The service was manufactured by Messrs. Elkington, of 22, Regent Street, S.W., and 73, Cheapside, E.C.

A FAMOUS PARIS RESTAURATEUR.

The attempt to expel Paillard from his restaurant by the shareholders in the Company is Homeric. Paillard was a name to conjure with. He knew the favoured dishes of King Edward, of Leopold, of Milan, of George of Greece. They dined without ordering, and they knew that he was in the kitchen and watching as keenly over the cooks as Marguery does. No, no! Limited liability companies are all very well in their way, but when the Directors arrive in force and attempt to oust a world-famous maitre d'hôtel from his throne, things are not as they should be.

SOME SPORTSMEN: THE JEALOUS SHOT.

"KNOW him, sir?" said an old sportsman to whom I mentioned the jealous shot by name. "Certainly I do. He's the best shot and the worst shooting company I ever met."

My friend summed him up quite accurately. The gentleman, whom I will call Mr. Smith, because it is not his name, has large means and ample leisure, but he has only one hobby, and that is shooting. In the days of his first youth, he went round the world and came back with splendid trophies that decorate his hall and library to this day and are the admiration of every sportsman or naturalist who has seen them. Of late years he has left big game alone, and, when he has finished stalking red-deer in the corries of his friends' Highland forests, he returns to the pursuit of birds with an eagerness that makes him regard the First of February as the worst day in the year.

A very keen sportsman, he will stalk his own deer, seldom taking a stalker with him unless for company; he will follow the wildfowl in a punt, though he never uses a punt-gun, and does not mind freezing in cold weather for the sake of a little flight-shooting. Fields cannot tire him when he walks after partridges; the heather is never too thick or discouraging when he walks after grouse; at the butts, no pack of grouse, however thick, ever tempted him to do more than choose his birds with the same care that he would have exercised had they come over in twos and threes. He has the vigour of a very young man, the knowledge of a naturalist, the eye of an expert, and yet his best friends have been heard to confess that he frequently does a great deal to make a shooting-party a failure.

In the first place, he considers that all fur and feather he can hit belong to him, and he does not hesitate to shoot another man's bird before the rightful gun can raise his weapon. If a man misses anything with his first barrel, Mr. Smith will immediately kill it if it is anywhere within his range and scowl upon the person who has dared to miss. On the other hand, when one of his neighbours fires at aught that might possibly belong to Mr. Smith, there is trouble, and the neighbour is in the midst of it. Keepers fare badly with him; he requires the best though not the easiest place, and, should the other guns be kept busy while Mr. Smith is idle, it will be well-nigh impossible to persuade him that there was no intentional neglect and that some mistake by the beaters diverted the birds from the corner where he was placed. On rare occasions, Mr. Smith will miss a few shots consecutively—very rare occasions, let me add—and then his rage is quite startling. In one comprehensive anathema he includes his gun-makers, one of the best and oldest firms in London; his cartridge-makers, also reliable people; his loader, the light, the wind, the beaters, and the birds. There is something almost childish in these outbursts, but they are the genuine expression of Mr. Smith's feelings, and he never endeavours to repress them, though they may tend to make his host very uncomfortable. On such occasions he will not have a friendly word for anybody, and nothing but an opportunity for a display of exceptional marksmanship before the day closes will restore his lost equanimity. Yet nobody knows better than he that the best shots in England must have their bad days, and that the best-intentioned keepers in the world cannot always deal with game as they would wish.

On rare occasions, Mr. Smith has met his match—a sportsman who is as good a shot as himself, or who has been having a good day while the jealous man has been having a bad one. Then, Mr. Smith goes out of his way to be politely rude, and he numbers the acquaintance who has excelled him among his enemies. He is fully convinced that the man took long shots on purpose to create a fictitious reputation, and a suggestion made in his presence that another man shot better than he did is like an acceptance of an angry Irishman's invitation to tread on the tail of his coat. Strange that a man who can shoot better than ninety per cent. of his acquaintances should be so absurdly sensitive!

It may be matter for surprise that Mr. Smith should enjoy invitations that afford him good shooting from August to January, but the reason is not far to seek. He is too good a shot to be overlooked at places where the host is anxious to secure the best bags possible, with an eye to a paragraph in the Society or sporting papers. Where he shoots, it is not necessary for the keepers to add to the bag by the artificial means not unknown to men who have watched the various tricks in vogue at certain places. All the possibilities of the place and the sport will be realised, and the owners will know what may be done on their preserves.

Apart from this, Mr. Smith is a distinct acquisition to a house-party, for he is pleasant company within doors, being widely travelled and well-read, a good loser at cards, and an opponent of mark at billiards. Women like him, and he is properly devoted to them, though he denies their right to participate in any open-air sports other than tennis, croquet, and archery. He is dull only when the sport has not been up to his expectations, or the best of it has not fallen to his share, and then his expression would lead the casual observer to believe that we were on the verge of a European war or in the grip of a cholera epidemic. Yet it is at least doubtful whether he has ever been conscious that he takes sport too seriously, and by so doing makes many a good sportsman angry and many a kind host ill at ease.

B.

NOTE.

The Sketch is on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on November 11.

BAD TIMES.

THE public continues to hold aloof from all but small investment business, and nothing tempts the amateur to speculate in these bad times. At the same time, promotion is quite at a standstill, except for the occasional conversion of some fairly well-known business into a limited company. The revelations which have been made about the St. Jacob's Oil concern are not calculated to restore confidence or increase the public appetite for new ventures, and we trust none of our readers have been tempted to apply for shares. The Pickford-Carter Paterson scheme is expected to make its appearance in a few days, and should be quite a different kind of concern.

The usual Saturday holiday has inspired our Stock Exchange artist to design a grateful tribute to the British working-man, owing to whose dilatory habits the Committee find it necessary to shut up the building on so many week-ends. Days were when a Saturday closing was looked upon with aversion, but in these times even the most avaricious member considers the holiday quite a blessing.

CONSOLS AND COLONIALS.

The end of the War is becoming recognised as the pivot upon which will probably swing the next advance in Consols. Market authorities are practically unanimous about that, and, while they profess themselves only too willing to accept anything which holds out a hope for better prices, they declare that the present situation militates against such a hope. How long the War is going to last, this "sort of War," we shall not venture to predict; but, anyhow, it seems likely to drag on long enough to render bull operations in the Funds an undesirable speculation. Trustees and investors can buy Consols now with light hearts, secure of a rise within the course of the next few years; but, we very much doubt whether they would not be wiser to choose some of the many Colonials that can be picked up so cheaply. Bonds are not permitted to the average Trustee, but the snapper-up of gilt-edged trifles who is not hampered by any restrictions can easily obtain between £3 7s. and £3 10s. per cent. on his money from this source of investment. Inscribed stocks, from their being more in favour with the public than the easily misplaced bonds, and because they are available for Trustees, are not yielding as much as the bearer securities, but some of the later-issued varieties are purchasable to pay between $3\frac{1}{4}$ and $3\frac{3}{8}$ per cent. on the money—a wonderfully good rate on strictly Trustee securities, as most of the Colonial issues now are. The Western Australia Three per Cent. Loan is cheapest of all, but is run very close by the new Queensland and Tasmanian stocks bearing the same interest; while the New South Wales Threes, issued a few weeks ago, stand higher, from the better security which the Colony is supposed to offer to subscribers for its loans.

With reference to the last quartette of investments, we may point out that the buyer of these stocks can save money by instructing his broker to secure partly paid scrip for him. He can pay up the calls in full for himself and get the benefit of the discount offered in each case, after which the inscription of the stock in his name is literally a matter of form. This little hint will save at least part of the commission that his broker will charge him for the purchase of the scrip.

BROKEN HILL.

Last week our Correspondent dealt with the very serious question of the fall in the price of lead, which has practically robbed all but the most favoured Broken Hill mines of their profit-making power. This week he gives an account of the mining position, apart from values of the metals produced. The postscript is of considerable importance, for it is certainly in the direction of cheaper production that the Barrier salvation must be expected, and the reduction of £3 10s. in the cost of each ton of lead is far more likely to bring back prosperity to the

mines, than any considerable rise in price, which would probably be of a temporary nature.

Underground the prospects of various mines are highly satisfactory. The Proprietary is exploring a couple of fine new ore-bodies, one at the 650-foot, and one at the 800-foot. At the former level, a cross-cut has been put in 50 feet, and another 50 feet must be driven before the hanging wall is reached. The ore assays 20 per cent. lead, 18 oz. silver, and 20 per cent. zinc. That at the 800-foot assays only a little less. In Block 10, a fair-grade body has been opened on at the 1015-foot level, Kelly's section, for about 30 feet wide. At the same level, Campbell's section, stoping has commenced. The sulphides here average 17.3 oz. silver, 13.9 per cent. lead, and 13 per cent. zinc. Generally, the mine looks first-class, though the output has been reduced recently. The directors argue fairly, What's the use of putting up records with lead at the present price? The Sulphide Corporation's property, the Central, also looks excellent below the surface, and the mill is doing big work. The Company has just taken over the Mechnich zinc-plant, erected under German expert supervision. Experimental work has been very satisfactory. (The Australian Metal Company is ready to put its new "wet process" to the test as soon as the price of zinc warrants it.) Recent assays of Central concentrates go 28.45 per cent. lead, 61.07 oz. silver, and 10.42 per cent. zinc. It takes about $5\frac{1}{2}$ tons of crudes to produce a ton of concentrates. The British is doing exploratory work, with excellent prospects at the 500-foot, though the lode still hides itself at the 600-foot. Block 14 is working on some fine breasts of ore. The South, however, is the mine of the moment. Good work is progressing in all parts, and the time will come when it will vie with the Central as a "big thing." Its last half-year, in the face of all troubles, gave a profit of £18,000.

The North, after paying £17,500 in dividends, returned for its last half-year a loss on its work of £500, and, including the cost of the plant now going up, a total deficit of £9097. The plant is costing just double the original estimate, which was £15,000. When completed, the machinery, it is expected, will do fine work, but the completion is not being hurried on. There are about 400,000 tons of ore disclosed, and taking, say, 33,000 tons as a year's work, the outlook of the mine is good. This mine is all right, and will not be long in paying another dividend when work resumes.

The Junction is in the throes of another reconstruction. It is proposed to form a new company of two hundred thousand shares of 10s. each, issued paid up to 5s. 6d. on payment of 6d., leaving 4s. 6d. callable. The proposal is to be discussed on Oct. 22. The mine is suffering still from early-day mismanagement. What I'd like to see is an amalgamation of the North, Junction, and Junction North. Every day brings its accomplishment nearer, for it must come about.

Of the smaller mines, the South Blocks is looking the best. There a lode has been opened up 387 feet long, with an average width of 20 feet. This is at the 100-foot. Over 1500 tons of ore are at grass, won solely in development. This ore averages 30 per cent. lead and 4 to 6 oz. silver. The Company has a capital in hand of £10,640; six months' development cost only £2200 odd. Both the Victoria and White Leads look promising enough, though little else than preliminary work has yet been done. At the latter, good sulphide bodies, long hidden by water, have been revealed at the 150-foot and 300-foot. The Consols is still waiting for a rising market. Meantime, ore is being won, though not much of it.

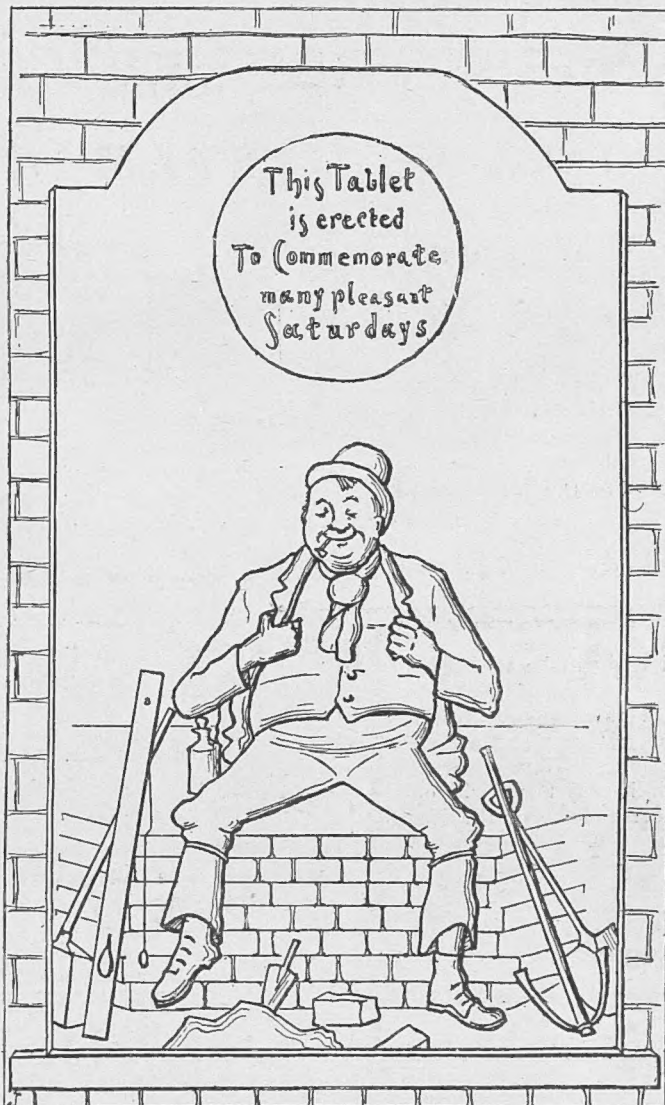
Sept. 3.

P.S.—The glimmer of sunshine showing a week ago seems disposed to expand. For the last three days there has been a mild boom in Barrier stocks. Proprietaries have risen 7s., Block 10's 8s., Sulphides 4s., South Blocks 3s., Souths 5s., Lead quoted at £11 15s. and £11 16s. 3d.

and everything else correspondingly. has helped this, but the chief factor has been the circulation of a rumour of an important discovery in the treatment of the sulphide ore. Not a word about the new process has yet appeared in the Press, and speculators are simply operating on report and "inside information." When facts are published, a few days hence, I expect to see the shares buck-up with a vengeance. For the discovery, credit for which is due to one of the Proprietary metallurgists, is one of the gravest importance. It has to do with the smelting of ores, and the revolution—for revolution it is—is almost wholly of a chemical nature. One result of its adoption will be that lead at £12 10s. per ton will give a profit per ton of ore equal to lead under present treatment at £16 per ton! By next week or the week after, I may, and most likely will, be in a position to write you fully on the matter. Meantime, the report of the discovery is no *canard*; it is a wholesome, gratifying, blood-thrilling fact. And the sun will soon shine again in its full glory on Broken Hill!

DE BEERS AND JAGERS.

The mystical terms offered to holders of De Beers shares are being run for all they are worth by the insiders, who, having bought three weeks ago upon the information that leaked out to some specially favoured few, are now talking the shares to 50, the rise to take effect within a month. To this windy talk it is best to turn a deaf ear. The advance in De Beers was fully discounted prior to the publication of the



MEMORIAL TABLET TO THE BRITISH WORKMAN.

To be Erected by Subscription among Members of the Stock Exchange.

official news regarding the share-splitting, and it is all in the natural order of events that the early buyers should now turn early sellers. Actual shareholders, who do not gamble in De Beers, but are not averse to seizing a good profit, should sell their shares now, since they may rest assured that, after the fuss has subsided, a lower value will be set upon the shares, for some time to come at all events.

Jagersfonteins, aglow with reflected glory from De Beers, should also be sold, whatever the tales of amalgamation may lead to. The public, painfully eager to be in a "good thing," generally wait until the consummation of some deal has been announced before they rush in and buy. Then it is that the prudent men sell, and those who can dispose of De Beers and Jagers at good profits will be exceedingly foolish not to make the best of their present opportunities.

THE KAFFIR CIRCUS.

Ten Witwatersrand mines have now resumed active operations, and it is interesting to set them out at length, together with the number of years' "life" which it is *estimated* that each will have. We add columns giving the two extremes of the prices in 1895, the last year of the Kaffir "boom," and add a final list showing the quotations at the time of writing—

Mine.	Years' Life.	1895.		Now.
		Highest.	Lowest.	
Angelo	17	7 $\frac{3}{4}$	2 $\frac{3}{8}$	7
Bonanza	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 $\frac{1}{16}$	5 $\frac{1}{4}$
City and Suburban	19	8	4	6
Geldenhuis Deep	22	11	5	10 $\frac{1}{2}$
Ginsberg	8	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ (1896)	$\frac{7}{8}$	3 $\frac{3}{8}$
May	7	4 $\frac{1}{16}$	2 $\frac{1}{8}$	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Meyer and Charlton	10	8 $\frac{1}{4}$	4 $\frac{7}{8}$	5 $\frac{1}{4}$
Robinson	13	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	7 $\frac{3}{8}$	9 $\frac{3}{8}$
Treasury	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 (1896)	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	5 $\frac{3}{8}$
Wemmer	6 $\frac{1}{4}$	13 $\frac{1}{8}$	6 $\frac{1}{4}$	12

Perhaps the most interesting feature revealed by these statistics is that to-day's prices are in most cases much nearer the highest altitudes attained in 1895 than the lowest depths touched. The quiet strength of the Kaffir Circus is one of its most noteworthy attributes.

But the re-starting of mines, the disbandment of the Mines Guard, and the coming resumption of full pay to mining employ  s, do not appear to exercise any effect in the direction of inducing people to buy Kaffir shares. Not even the cabled announcement that the knotty black-labour question is virtually settled has brought in a sufficient number of purchasing orders to make any appreciable difference to the lassitude of the market.

Doubtless, the West African collapse is largely to be thanked for the lack of support accorded to Kaffirs, since many of the South African jobbers are also heavily interested in the Jungle. Knights shares are over 7 as we write, justifying our suggestion that they were worth buying when they stood at 6 $\frac{1}{2}$. Our faith in South Africans remains unshaken, and the boom, long though it may tarry, will once more raise its shrieking voice beneath the graceful dome of the Kaffir Circus in the Stock Exchange.

Saturday, Oct. 19, 1901.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

YORKS.—Our opinion of the whole Jungle Market is very unfavourable. The two concerns you ask about are not worse than the majority of other West African companies, but we consider the shares mere gambling counters. We refer No. 2. As to Strattons, they are not a bad speculative purchase. Mr. Hays Hammond will be back in a few weeks, and will then give his views to a General Meeting. People are nervous of what Mr. Hays Hammond will say.

B. X.—(1) A reasonable speculation. (2) The Board is a good one, and the people connected with the concern are respectable. Everything depends on the future of Copper, as to which the market is nervous. (3) We expect no good will ever come of this.

C. D. P.—Your letter was answered on the 17th inst.

AJAX.—You will do well to support the compulsory winding-up petition. It is all rubbish to talk about your making yourself liable for costs by doing so.

C. G. S.—We have sent you the name and address of the dealers in Lottery bonds.

A. AND F. PEARS.

After carrying £5000 to the reserve account (making £40,000), and adding a further sum of £4713 to the depreciation account, the following dividends for the half-year ended June 30, 1901, will be declared, namely: On the Preference shares at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, making with the interim dividend 6 per cent. for the year; on the Ordinary shares at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum, making with the interim dividend 10 per cent. for the year; and on the Deferred Ordinary shares at the rate of 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for the year. The amount carried forward is £2739.

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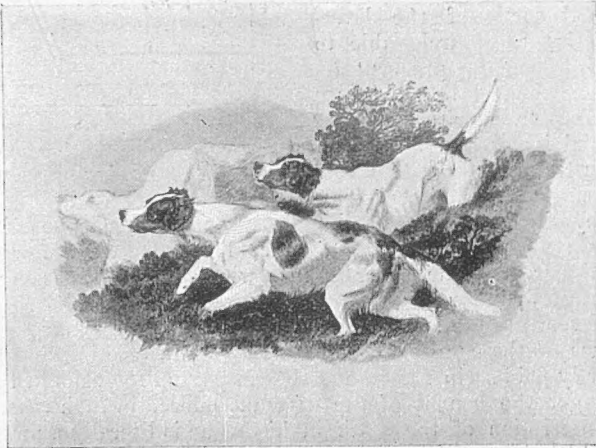


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